

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

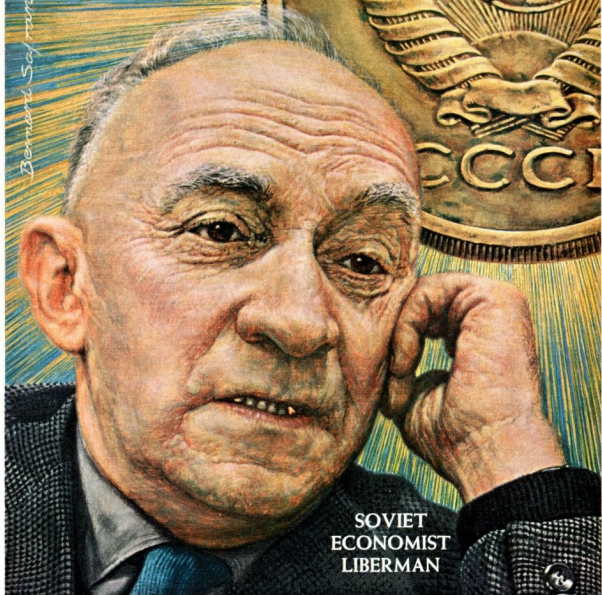
FEBRUARY 12, 1965

The Communist Flirtation with Profits

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Bernard Saffran



SOVIET
ECONOMIST
LIBERMAN

VOL. 85 NO. 7

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



Ask yourself these searching questions:

Do you like Montana Corlon floors too much? ☐ Too little? ☐ Enough? ☐ None of these? ☐ Go on to the next question. No time limit. Reward at end.

1. Do you love nature? ☐ Prefer civilization? ☐ Both? ☐

ANSWER: An Armstrong Montana Vinyl Corlon floor has all the beauty of nature, with none of its beastliness. Montana looks like thousands of nature's most beautifully colored small stones, floating. But they're not stone! They're thoroughly man-made. Smooth, clean vinyl.

2. Do you think beauty should be more than skin deep and, if so, how deep? $\frac{1}{4}$ " ☐ $\frac{3}{4}$ " ☐ $3\frac{1}{2}$ " ☐ ANSWER: Whatever depth you think beauty should be, you will find Montana Corlon beautiful at all levels. Its surface is nubby, with fascinating texture. If this seems superficial, consider that Montana has depths rarely plumbed by a floor, particularly a vinyl floor. You can see in between Montana's stone-like vinyl chips set in translucent vinyl. What can you see once you look there? What is love? What is life?

3. Do you firmly believe that somewhere in this world there is someone who looks, acts, thinks like you?

Always ☐ Sometimes ☐ Never ☐ ANSWER: If you have checked "never," you are truly a Montana person because Montana, too, has that marvelous quality of distinctiveness and forthright individuality. Only Montana looks and acts like Montana!

4. Do you like dirt well enough to collect it? Yes ☐ No ☐

ANSWER: If "no," you will be pleased with Montana Corlon's near seamlessness, which means no cracks to collect dirt—just a wide expanse of vinyl wall to wall.

5. What is your score on this test? Pass ☐ Fail ☐

ANSWER: If you failed this test, you have CHEATED, and you will be put on probation. To find out exactly to what degree you are a Montana person (degrees range from rabid to satisfied), see Montana. Send for your reward—a free sample. Write to Armstrong, 6502 Fulton Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

VINYL FLOORS BY

Armstrong

If you're narrow-

minded about water coolers...



*Here's good modern design
and only 9½" front-to-wall*

Slim and trim, neatly recessed in the wall. Smartly styled in Chestnut Tweed vinyl with a choice of custom panel colors. Lustrous stainless steel top. Performs like any Oasis cooler... quietly. Delivers a smooth, cool drink with no surprising spurt.

There are other Oasis models with the slender contemporary look. Free-standing units that take a scant square foot. Or the tapered On-A-Wall, now offered with Hot 'n Cold feature for coffee-break time. Add these to the complete line of Oasis pressure and bottle coolers and you'll find a selection for any capacity requirements



in offices, plants, stores and institutions. Check the Yellow Pages under water coolers—Oasis.

Write for our free catalog No. 1596 with "Model Selector Guide."

This Semi-Recessed Oasis comes with complete mounting box; factory installed glass filler optional. Two sizes, 7 and 13 gph.

OASIS WATER COOLERS
Sold or rented everywhere

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265 N. Hamilton Rd., Columbus, Ohio 43213



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for a prompt answer to any business banking problem

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If you are not already acquainted in the Bank, Mr. James D. Hinchliff, Vice President, or any one of his associates in the Commercial Banking Department, will be pleased to help you. Stop in, or phone to make a date. You set the time and place.



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R.M.S.F.S.S. BETRAYED!

Aye, betrayed. Let us rehash the winding turn of events these last weeks that you may better appreciate the treachery inflicted upon our noble cause.

We The Real MACKENZIE Scotch for Scotch-Men Society (a right peaceable and amicable gathering, if there ever was one born), have devoted our whole selves to keeping the bonnie Real MACKENZIE scotch here among the Scotsmen who have enjoyed its light delicate flavour and full-bodied real smooth mellowness these last 138 years.

Whereas:

They (the enemy) have employed every lowly trick they know to discredit ourselves while plundering The Real MACKENZIE off to America.

Last week saw their brand o' improbity reach a low ebb in dealing double. They infiltrated our ranks with some Son-of-a-Scot claiming to have sympathy for the cause of keeping The Real MACKENZIE at home. Then, when our friendly backs be turned he turned us in, exposing some of our best laid plans.

Not that one among us could be blaming you Americans for desiring the smooth goodness that is The Real MACKENZIE'S alone. But, after all lads, let's face it squarely, there is



The Glasgow Scotch Party

not an unlimited supply of The Real MACKENZIE and someone is likely to get caught out short.

Namely us.

Our cause is becoming desperate. We're even thinking we may have to resort to drastic measures like throwing The Real MACKENZIE overboard before it sails off to America. We'd be calling it the Glasgow Scotch Party. After all, you American lads

had your bit o' fun with The Boston Tea Party and won your point quite nicely in the bargain. Alas, our rub being we canna' be gaining any recruits who could even think of tossing The Real MACKENZIE into the drink without properly imbibing it before-hand.

We need help!

How can you serve, you're asking?

Go into your liquor shop and buy up all The Real MACKENZIE in stock!

Do ye see our cunning?

That way the fewest possible Americans will experience the rare pleasures of The Real MACKENZIE. As for you Americans lucky enough to buy out entire stocks, you may have a quantity to last for the next 138 years! And after spending 138 years with The Real MACKENZIE, you will appreciate our love for its unique charm and flavour all the more.



Help deport The Real MACKENZIE back to Scotland now (before it's too late!)

This pleading advertisement sponsored by The Real MACKENZIE Scotch for Scotch-Men Society.

Blended and bottled in Scotland at 86 proof. Sole importers Thompson Cellars Company, Louisville, Ky.

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Thursday, February 11

THE KRAFT SUSPENSE THEATER (NBC, 10-11 p.m.).* Dana Wynter stars as a young American in search of a million dollars hidden by her husband in Cuba. Color.

Friday, February 12

THE BOB HOPE COMEDY SPECIAL (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). With Carroll Baker, Johnny Carson and Frankie Avalon.

THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). With Robert Morley, Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. Color.

Saturday, February 13

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The Koch Cup Alpine Skiing Championship from Aspen. Color.

THE WAY OUT MEN (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A new David Wolper documentary examining some of the men involved in today's most exciting scientific and artistic projects: Dr. Michael DeBakey, developer of an implantable artificial heart; R. M. Worthing, who has programmed a computer to write poetry; Lukas Foss, composer of avant-garde music; Paolo Soleri, architect of a "total community."

Sunday, February 14

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Italy's impoverished South in the eleven years since land reform.

WORLD WAR I (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). The Italian front and the battle of Caporetto.

PROFILES IN COURAGE (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). Woodrow Wilson's appointment of Brandeis to the Supreme Court.

THE DANNY THOMAS SPECIAL (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). With Perry Como and the Ray Charles Singers. Color.

THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Guests include Ella Fitzgerald, Buddy Hackett and Victor Borge.

Monday, February 15

THE DINAH SHORE SPECIAL (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Dinah and Harry Belafonte salute the Peace Corps in a program featuring songs in Swahili, Hindi and Tagalog.

Tuesday, February 16

THE HOLLOW CROWN (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Part 1 of a panorama of English history by England's Royal Shakespeare Company, starring Dorothy Tutin, Max Adrian, Paul Hardwick and John Barton.

THEATER

On Broadway

TINY ALICE. Who is Alice? Where is she? The questions are being asked by students of the drama, psychologists, and even by the playwright, Edward Albee, since the opening of his confused and confusing—but engrossing—mystery.

POOR RICHARD. Jean Kerr sacrifices some laughs in treating two serious themes: the capacity to love and the squandering of talent. Still, wit and insight inform this tale of an English poet on an alcoholic sabbatical in New York.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. A book clerk (Alan Alda), who thinks himself an author, and a prostitute (Diana Sands), who considers herself a model, come to

grips with each other in Bill Manhoff's screeching comedy.

UW. Murray Schisgal laughs through his characters' tears, while Mike Nichols' direction and the performances of Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson and Alan Arkin make love seem an outrageously humorous subject.

Off Broadway

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE. Arthur Miller's tragedy of a Brooklyn longshoreman with an incestuous fixation for his niece may be more Freudian than Greek, but it pulses with the fury, pity and seeming inevitability of obsessive self-destruction. Director Ulu Grosbard and an emotionally committed cast have directed this ten-year-old play with electricity and tenderness.

WAR AND PEACE. Tolstoy's hand of genius grips the Phoenix stage in the APA's production of the 100-year-old classic. Rosemary Harris as Natasha and Sidney Walker as old Prince Bolkonski lead the cast in performances of finesse and authority.

TARTUFFE. Lincoln Center's interpretation of Molière's comedy has too much bounce and not enough bite, but Michael O'Sullivan's Tartuffe is a surrealistic and fantastic acting exercise.

BABES IN THE WOOD. The Globe never saw anything like Rick Besoyan's loose musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Its good-natured brassiness provides a pleasant evening for lovers of light, spoofy theater.

THE SLAVE AND THE TOILET. The color scheme is black and white, and Negro Playwright LeRoi Jones turns a harsh spotlight on both races in his studies of interracial love, hate and resentment.

RECORDS

Choral and Song

LEOS JANAČEK. THE DIARY OF ONE WHO VANISHED (Deutsche Grammophon). A love story told in 22 haunting songs by the late great Czech composer, who wrote them in 1919 when he was 64 and passionately in love with a married woman of 26. Tenor Ernst Haefliger sings ardently as the country boy who vanished from home, Mezzo-Soprano Kay Griffel is the gypsy who lured him away, and Rafael Kubelik the pianist who plays an eloquent role in unfolding the feverish musical drama.

HANDEL. DETTINGEN TE DEUM (Angel). Written in English to celebrate the victory of King George II at Dettingen in the War of the Austrian Succession, the triumphal *Te Deum* is sung in German by four soloists and the South German Madrigal Choir, conducted by Wolfgang Gönnerwein. But the choice of language is a secondary consideration in a performance with such sonority and style.

MAHLER. KINDERTOTENLIEDER (Deutsche Grammophon). Mahler composed these heartbreaking "Songs on the Death of Children" the year his first child was born; she died a few years later of scarlet fever. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, who has the voice of a baritone angel, keeps within the bounds of taste but still wrings every gallon of sentiment from the music.

FOUR CONTEMPORARY CHORAL WORKS (Cambridge) were commissioned in 1962

by the Ford Foundation to help update the repertoires of church and synagogue choirs. Ulysses Kay used *Psalms 5* and *spiritual*. William Flanagan set verses from *Ecclesiastes* into gliding dissonances. Most melodic: Ned Rorem's *Two Psalms* and *Proverb* ("Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?"). Most arresting: Charles Wuorinen's *Prayer of Jonah*, which he chopped into fragments and described as a "complex of canons." Daniel Pinkham, who chose the composers for the project, conducts these performances by the King's Chapel Choir of Boston and the Cambridge Festival Strings.

SONGS OF SENTIMENT (RCA Victor). The selections—including *Mother of Mine*, *The Lost Chord*, *At Dawning*, *The Vacant Chair*—might be something to smile about, but John McCormack sang them with the same understanding and finesse that he lavished on Mozart. Most were recorded before World War I, and the orchestra is creaky; but the rich Irish tenor voice sounds youthful and remains smooth and resonant through the softest shadings.

CINEMA

HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE. The mayhem in this nimble comedy about a man who gets drunk and marries without malice aforethought is plotted by Jack Lemmon, whose fracturingly funny performance is abetted by Terry-Thomas and Italy's Virna Lisi, a luscious import who makes hard-sell sex seem as classy as caviar.

NOTHING BUT A MAN. As hero of a sincere, forceful drama that avoids both preachiness and skin-deep sociology, a confused young Southerner (Ivan Dixon) discovers what it means to be a Negro in America.

MARRIAGE—ITALIAN STYLE. Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni and Director Vittorio De Sica animate a hilarious, fiercely moral old tearjerker about a Neapolitan pastry maker who is hounded to the altar by his tart.

THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG. A shopgirl submits her first careless rapture to sober second thoughts in French Director Jacques Demy's sadly cynical fable, entirely set to music and done up in candy-box décor.

ZORBA THE GREEK. Guided by Director Michael Cacoyannis, Anthony Quinn gloriously attains the high points of Nikos Kazantzakis' novel about a rip-roaring old brute who teaches a timid essayist (Alan Bates) to get out of his books and get into real trouble.

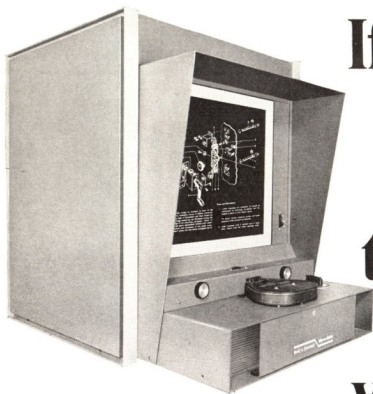
WORLD WITHOUT SUN. The fear and fascination of day-to-day existence in an experimental tank town under the Red Sea are coolly recorded in this eerie, colorful documentary by Oceanographer Jacques-Yves Cousteau (*The Silent World*).

SEANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON. A very mad, very English, very nearly preposterous thriller about an unhappy medium who masterminds a kidnapping is played with blood-chilling conviction by U.S. Actress Kim Stanley.

GOLDFINGER. Ian Fleming's gadget-happy gumshoe Agent 007—alias James Bond alias Actor Sean Connery—gums up a dastardly plot to take Fort Knox off the gold standard.

TO LOVE. In naughty Stockholm, a lively young widow (Harriet Andersson) sheds her mourning garb and goes over-

* All times E.S.T.



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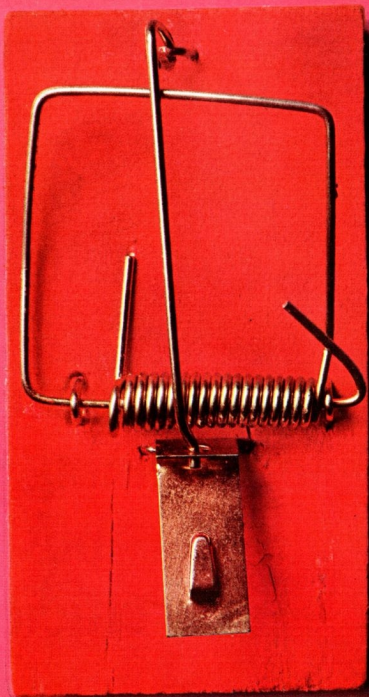
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warren's



You're missing a lot when you own a Volkswagen.

A VW has fewer parts than other cars because it needs fewer parts.

It doesn't need a drive shaft to transfer engine power to the rear wheels. Because our car's engine is in back to start with (and to maintain traction with).

And it doesn't need a radiator, or a

water pump, or hoses. Because the engine's cooled with air, not water.

(When you drive your first VW, you may miss putting in antifreeze, rust inhibitors and whatnot. But you'll soon get used to it.)

The stuff a VW doesn't use, it doesn't have to haul (and waste gas on). Which

is one reason it averages 32 mpg.

And the parts you don't buy, you'll never repair. So you can't waste money on that.



Now you know why you can drive a VW for years and years with a lot of parts missing.

And never miss them.

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Look in the Yellow Pages for...

YOUR TRAVELERS MAN

board with a rakish travel agent (Zbigniew Cybulski) who persuades her that lust is for the living.

MY FAIR LADY. Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn in G. B. Shaw's classic Cinderella story, set to music by Lerner and Loewe and dressed for the occasion in Cecil Beaton's eye-popping finery.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE ORDWAYS, by William Humphrey. From memorable tragedy (*Home from the Hill*), Author Humphrey turns to delightful comedy with this tale of the fun and foibles of a huge East Texas clan, producing what perhaps is the best comic novel since Faulkner's *The Reivers*. It is yarn-spinning in the best tradition of the South.

THE WORLD OF JOSEPHUS, by G. A. Williamson. The enigmatic life and times of the renegade Pharisee who went over to the Romans while they were conquering the Jews, then spent the full measure of his years in comfort, writing his own apology and the only substantive account of two momentous centuries of Jewish history.

PRINCE EUGEN OF SAVOY, by Nicholas Henderson. A deft biography of the neglected French military genius who furthered the fortunes of the Habsburgs after Louis XIV told the insulted young man he was fit only for the priesthood.

JONATHAN SWIFT, by Nigel Dennis. A clinical closeup of the most powerful ironist in British letters, who was also the blackest of all the great blackguards to lacerate man's conscience, until his own raging soul sank into stupor and lunacy.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS OF JEAN MACAQUE, by Stuart Cloete. Rollicking from bed to bed in Boccaccio-like revelations, a fictional philandering journalist discovers between the sheets that erotic pleasures are man's refuge from death and despair.

FRIEDA LAWRENCE, edited by E. W. Tedlock Jr. The letters, essays and memoirs of D. H. Lawrence's wife etch her as a Lawrencean nymph who drove the prophet of free sex to Victorian rage.

THE FOUNDING FATHER, by Richard Whalen. The intriguing saga of Joseph P. Kennedy, son of a barkeeper-politician, and how he acquired his millions and founded a political dynasty.

Best Sellers

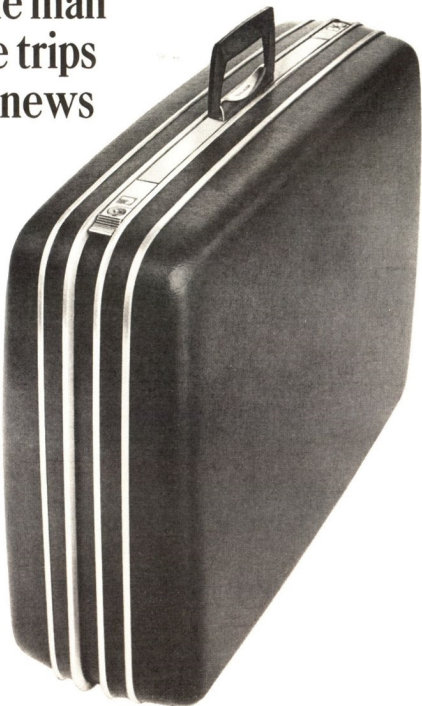
FICTION

1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. The Horse Knows the Way, O'Hara (4)
3. The Man, Wallace (2)
4. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (3)
5. Funeral in Berlin, Deighton (5)
6. You Only Live Twice, Fleming
7. This Rough Magic, Stewart (7)
8. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg
9. Covenant With Death, Becker (10)
10. Julian, Vidal (8)

NONFICTION

1. Markings, Hammarskjöld (1)
2. Reminiscences, MacArthur (2)
3. The Italians, Barzini (3)
4. The Founding Father, Whalen (5)
5. The Words, Sartre (6)
6. The Kennedy Years, The New York Times and Viking Press (4)
7. My Autobiography, Chaplin (7)
8. Life with Picasso, Gilot and Lake (8)
9. Queen Victoria, Longford
10. The Kennedy Wit, Adler

For the man
whose trips
make news



The Silhouette Three-Suiter was made for jet-age pace-setters. Trim molded design to make an elegantly smart impression. Special hangers and fixtures to pack suits and accessories wrinkle-free. Scuff resistant exterior. Frame of matchless lightweight magnesium. Hidden locks. And only \$47.50.

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Shawyer Bros., Inc., Luggage Div., Denver, Makers of Samsonite Folding Furniture. Prices plus existing taxes. In Canada thru Samsonite of Canada, Ltd., Stratford, Ont. Prices slightly higher.



Suddenly the baby swallowed the pin!

Ten-month-old Larry pulled a large open safety pin from his busy mother's sewing table and swallowed it.

Frantically, his mother grabbed the telephone, dialed "Operator" and gasped out the name of her family doctor.

Mrs. Virginia Klow, the operator who answered, thought fast and asked the agitated mother whether she

wanted an ambulance first. "Oh, Yes!" she cried.

Even while Mrs. Klow was calling the ambulance, she got the mother's name, address and telephone number. And only seconds after the ambulance started on its way, the distracted woman was connected with her physician.

Later at the hospital, the pin was

safely removed. Larry has long since forgotten the whole episode. His grateful mother never will.

It's a small story, but a true one. Bell System people have been able to contribute to many happy endings. Perhaps sometime you may need help. If you do, just remember to dial "Operator." You can be sure we'll do our human best.



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LETTERS

The Thinkers

Sir: Your fine cover story on the Joint Chiefs of Staff [Feb. 5] brings to full circle the quiet revolution begun with President Eisenhower's farewell speech. Few remember that the general's last presidential advice was a warning to the country to beware of the dangers of an over-powerful military-industrial clique. Secretary McNamara and his quietly competent military chiefs, as you described in your story, have successfully followed Eisenhower's advice in defending the country's traditions as well as its very existence.

MABEL BELDEN

New York City

Sir: When "thinkers and managers" started replacing the heroes of ancient Rome, it was time to start writing *The Decline and Fall*.

ED KRAEMER

Bayside, N.Y.

Sir: The article on the Joint Chiefs of Staff was well written and very enlightening. Now that Mr. McNamara has replaced combat commanders with accountants, we can take great solace from the fact that, while we may not be able to win the next war, we will have a nice, clean set of books.

L. A. YOUNG

Lieut. Commander, U.S.N. (ret.)
Camp Hill, Pa.

Sir: TIME's survey of the J.C.S. erred in assigning Lieut. General David A. Burchinal to the Army rather than the Air Force.

HOWARD HUNT

Sumner, Md.

The Younger Society

Sir: TIME's feature on "Today's Teenagers" [Jan. 29] was delightful reading. To attempt a coherent account with subjects so elusive and mercurial is indeed a formidable assignment and one handled, I think, with great competence. I was glad to note your observation that "the key word is educated," because today's teen-ager is the product of his educational system.

LOIS V. EDINGER

President

National Education Association

Washington

Sir: Since I was once a member of the Palisades In group, I feel justified in commenting on your article. The Saracens were described as motorcycling hoods. Not many of them have motorcycles, and their appearance is not hoodish. I wonder why adults complain so constantly about teenage drinking, sex, etc., when they are the ones who introduced it all to us. These things have been given to us on a silver platter and have been just about shoved down our throats. I'm not saying we are right in accepting them, but I am saying it's hard not to. It's terribly hard to live in Pacific Palisades, even though everything goes your way.

JANE GALLU

New Hope, Pa.

Sir: I can breathe easier after learning that today's kids at my children's "overprivileged" upper-middle-class high school in Pacific Palisades haven't changed much from those at my often underprivileged lower-middle-class high school in Brooklyn. But my school-spirited youngsters tell me TIME hit Pali below the campus. We Pali parents don't push our children to

make grades—it's their own idea. As to luxury vacations for making A's, our family has an agreement that if the kids insist on studying for A's, thereby making me lower the volume on the *Beverly Hillsbillies*, I get two weeks' vacation in Bora Bora for every grade they make over B. TIME was way off on Jags too. If the car pool breaks down, my kids wouldn't need to be seen in my Jag—they'd rather take the bus and leave the driving to us. And in the cafeteria, the "squares who really believe in student government" are just imitating adults who are also square enough to really believe in people government. I was interested to learn that our Pali teenagers are "not . . . willing to accept the responsibility of illicit sex." Thank God we're blessed with irresponsible kids!

EDWARD T. TYLER, M.D.

Los Angeles

Sir: After getting up at 7 a.m., studying for an hour, going to school for seven hours, playing pool for an hour, spending two hours on a theme, finishing a notebook, filing my income-tax return, studying for a final, and relaxing by playing my guitar for 15 minutes, I went to bed with TIME. From it, I learned that someone over 25 knows that I'm not a hoodlum.

BOB BECKMAN

Lincoln, Neb.

Sir: I have long been searching for a means to explain the "facts of life" to my parents. Your article was the answer to many prayers.

KEVIN FOLEY

Silver Spring, Md.

Churchill

Sir: As an Englishwoman eight years resident in this country and, incidentally, a subscriber to TIME for most of those years, I take a moment of your time to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your delightful tribute to our beloved "Winnie." I spent the years of World War II near London and within the "invasion area" of the south coast of England, and I know to what extent Sir Winston's great example of indomitable courage and faith in the ultimate outcome influenced us all to "carry on."

EDYTHE F. MARSH

Marion, Conn.

Sir: Your tribute to Mr. Churchill was a well-written, accurate and moving memorial to that great man. Surely future generations will know this as the "Age of Churchill," just as we know Greece's finest hour as the Age of Pericles. But

how fitting that your cover story in this sad week of remembering should deal with youth and future. We look with gratitude to the past; we look (as one must always) to the future with hope.

(Mrs.) SUSAN WILLIAMS

Manhattan, Kans.

Sir: Churchill was a giant, but that is no reason for our statesmen to behave like pygmies. Thank God for Dwight Eisenhower, who represented us perhaps unofficially but very well.

ALAN HOWENSTINE

Glensville, Ill.

Sir: I was shocked to see your reproduction of that horrendous Sutherland portrait of Churchill. There are so many true-to-life photographs available that I am amazed at your choosing that painting.

ANNE C. BARNES

New York City

Sir: Rarely do people attempt to defend the portrait of Churchill by Sutherland. But it is a great portrait, revealing the flaws as well as the formidability of the old warrior. However filled with awe for the man the world may be, it is an important virtue among democratic peoples to remember that great statesmen are not infallible, much less beautiful.

REBECCA BARBOUR

New York City

Another Sihanouk Missile

Sir: You wrote that Cambodia "is now a big supply depot for Communist men and equipment moved by sea from North Viet Nam [Jan. 22]." I solemnly protest this calumny. Politically, we do not hesitate to support the Viet Cong in their fight against your neocolonialism, but militarily, we are strictly neutral. I proposed to your Government that it spend an infinitesimal sum to provide the International Control Commission with adequate personnel and matériel to control the entire Cambodian territory to make certain that we are neither accomplices of the Viet Cong nor a "big supply depot." But your Government, knowing perfectly well that we are innocent, refuses our sincere offer. Your Machiavellian dishonesty has been unmasked by Asians. It is better to leave Cambodia in peace, for as the French say, you have plenty of other cats to whip.

NORODOM SIHANOUK

Chief of State

Pnompenh, Cambodia

The Speaking Deaf

Sir: Your story "Otology" [Jan. 29] reveals a pet disgruntlement. I am baffled by the total lack of facilities for doing

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anything for deaf children who are also unable to speak. The invariable answer from schools for the deaf, particularly public schools, is: "The child is retarded." In Bridgeton, N.J., I found a lovely child who could neither hear nor speak. Where did I find her? In a "trainable" class, a special education class for children so retarded that they are trained only in essential bodily cleanliness, etc. This child was helping a teacher teach the trainables! The child could make a few sounds, had learned to say a few words. But wherever I turned, a stone wall confronted me. "Oh, we can't take her! She's retarded!" If that child was retarded, my grandmother was a shotputter! Dr. Perdoncini's methods are needed in this country. But we also need some receptivity to the fact that just because a child is handicapped, it does not necessarily follow that she is stupid, or that she cannot be trained to speak, to hear, to learn!

EDWARD KIP CHASE
Superintendent of Schools
Bridgeton, N.J.

Sir: Deaf youngsters in the U.S. also have the opportunities that you imply are restricted to Dr. Perdoncini's French schools. That is, if "they are lucky enough to land" in Central Institute for the Deaf and St. Joseph's Institute (St. Louis), Lexington School for the Deaf (New York City) or Clarke School for the Deaf (Northampton, Mass.), to mention only the better-known oral schools in this country.

THOMAS R. KNEIL
Dept. of Speech Pathology
and Audiology

University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

Blue-Yonder Cheating

Sir: Some will condemn the Air Force Academy code that provides for expelling not only cheats but those who have knowledge of cheating and remain silent [Feb. 5]. Those strong enough to expose will be called stool pigeons. The name callers are the same people who would watch a neighbor being beaten and do nothing. The nation can't afford officers too weak to live by a strong moral code.

GEORGE R. CRONGEYER
Captain, U.S.A.F.
Ent. AFB, Colo.

Sir: It is accepted that no honest student can compete successfully, test after test, with cheaters. As a teacher, I have had a few experiences with students who cheat, and have concluded that we, their teachers, force these students to cheat by placing too much emphasis on tests. Do tests necessarily have to be contests in which the teacher on one hand is doing his best to outwit the student and the student on the other hand is doing his best to outguess the teacher?

DEVIC LEHURAY
Elgin, Ill.

Duchamp Exhibit

Sir: Your article on Marcel Duchamp [Feb. 5] was wonderful, but you were wrongly informed that this exhibition is going to the Contemporary Arts Museum in Texas. It will actually appear in the Museum of Fine Arts of Houston.

ARNE H. EKSTROM
Cordier & Ekstrom
New York City

Mean About Contacts

Sir: I have spent a great deal of time searching on the floor and taking drain-

pipes apart looking for wayward contact lenses [Jan. 29], but I think you are mean, mean, mean about us 6,000,000 wearers of contacts. We are not all stayer-eyed, status-seeking basketball-player types. Contacts improved my vision (20/80) to 20/25, and are directly responsible for my qualifying for a driver's license, getting through college and being able to work as a teacher for a living.

MARILYN L. WALKER
Kewanee High School
Kewanee, Ill.

Grimaces

Sir: As soon as I saw your pictures illustrating isometric exercises [Jan. 29], I thought of the painting *Self-Portrait* by John Kane in the Museum of Modern Art [see cat].

(MRS.) BONNIE M. DEMARIS
Fort Belvoir, Va.



The Kids from T.H.R.U.S.H.

Sir: Napoleon Solo's shaving-cream can and lighter escape in *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* [Jan. 29] is the perfect explanation to the people who ask why I take my cigarettes and lighter to the bath: one never knows when the children (Thrush agents, all) may lock me in.

(MRS.) S. JACOBS
St. Louis

Sir: Granted that Napoleon Solo may be a good imitation of James Bond, but don't ever equate Vaughn with Connery. They are as different as—well, to use a Bond-style analogy, 1951 and 1957 vintage Burgundies. They might have come from the same vine, but gentlemen, one is so much more mellow, mature and smoo-ooh!

(MRS.) MIRIAM K. FLEISHMAN
West Hartford, Conn.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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You already own the best guidebook to Israel.

Israel is not like other countries for the same reason that the Bible is not like other books.

To know one helps to understand the other. Because so much that happened in the Bible also happened in Israel.

Try it.

Open your Bible to Genesis:

"And he went up to Beer-sheba.... And he builded an altar there, and called upon the name of the Lord, and pitched his tent there; and there Isaac's servants digged a well.... Therefore the name of the city of Beer-sheba, unto this day."

Can you go to Beer-sheba today?

Yes, you can.

And it's the Beer-sheba. Of course, things have changed a little. There's a hotel with a swimming pool that can't be too far from the spot where Isaac's servants dug the well.

But what is new there won't blind you to what is old there.

Not if you come armed with your Bible and your imagination. Try it again.

Drive to Jaffa and open your Bible to the Book of Jonah.

"...and he went down to Joppa, and found a ship going to Tarshish; so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it..."

As you know, Jonah didn't make it to Tarshish. He was swallowed by "a great fish" and spent three days in its belly.

When you stand on the shore at Jaffa, try to imagine the scene. Take a picture of it, too; it makes a great conversation piece when you get back home.

It may seem odd to go sight-seeing with a Bible in one hand and a camera in the other. But this is Israel, and being a few thousand years behind the times gets to be routine.

Almost everywhere you look in Israel, you're startled by the sense of time always moving and always standing still.

In Cana, the miracle of water into wine took place.

At Ein Karem, near Jerusalem, John the Baptist was born.

And in Jerusalem itself, one of the world's most ancient cities, are the traditional sites of King David's tomb and of

the Last Supper.

Israel is 270 miles long, and almost every inch of it is historically significant.

But the Bible is significant to Israel in more than a religious and emotional way.

If you've been reading the newspapers as well as your Bible lately, you know that the Bible is being used by archaeologists as a basic tool of research.

King Solomon's copper mines have been located, and there's a copper refinery there now.

A 2,000-year-old irrigation method is being revived in the Negev desert because it still works so well.

Thousands of Biblical sites have been discovered, and no one knows how many more there will be.

But no one doubts that there will be more.

There are still so many areas in Israel and in the Bible that remain unexplored. And still so many questions that remain unanswered.

Even if we knew all there was to know about Biblical times, there would still be some 2,000 years of history to walk through.

Except for the rebuilding of Israel as a state in 1948, the most active period since Biblical times was during the nine Crusades.

And again, names and places come thundering down the ages.

Godfrey of Bouillon. St. Louis of France. Acre. Haifa. Monfort. Caesarea. Richard the Lionhearted, who stopped near Jerusalem at a little church that was already old.

You can see that church now.

But even more interesting is the fact that you can see more in the Holy Land now than Richard the Lionhearted did in the 12th century.

Simply because we know more now. The older we get, the more we learn. And we're getting pretty old.

When you take off for Israel (we hope it will be on an EL AL jet), it will just be 1965.

But when you land in Israel, it will be 5725.



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TIME

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

PRINTING Time has become an international operation that turns out, almost simultaneously, 3,495,000 copies in the U.S. and 843,000 abroad, in ten printing plants. As of this week, the number is increased to eleven, for this is the first issue to be printed in New Zealand.

Time Inc. does not own its own printing plants, but prefers contract arrangements with local firms—the

reproduced and automatically operate high-speed Linotype machines. After stories are thus set, and page forms completed, Vinylite impressions are made of each page, and these in turn serve as the molds for the curved press plates. Even before Donnelley's 64-page presses start up on Sunday, identical Vinylite molds are on their way by commercial and chartered planes to our other U.S.



Figures show copies printed in thousands
Total: 4,338,000

latest being New Zealand Newspapers, Ltd. in Auckland. Until now, the magazines were flown 1,629 miles from Melbourne, Australia, but henceforth, 35,000 copies will be printed in Auckland, then shipped by air and rail to other points—passing through towns with such colorful Maori names as Te Awamutu, Taurimaru and Ohakune. We expect our New Zealand subscribers to get Time at least two days earlier.

The purpose of printing in many different places at once is, of course, to get closer to the readers and save shipping time. This has led to increasingly complex logistics. As we approach our Saturday-night deadline, all TIME stories—which have been justified and fitted on perforated paper tape—are transmitted by wire from the Time and Life Building in Manhattan to our chief printing plant, R. R. Donnelley & Sons, in Chicago. There the tapes are

printed in plants, in Washington, Los Angeles, Albany, and Old Saybrook, Conn. In case of hopeless flying weather, the molds go by truck to the nearest clear airport.

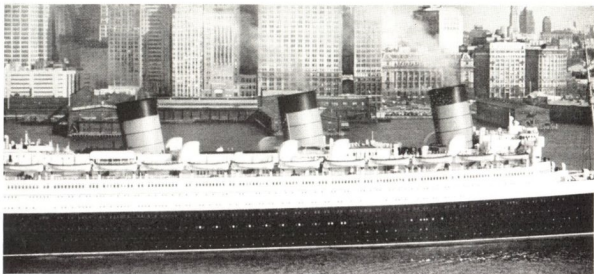
Meanwhile, each page has also been recorded on photographic film, which is flown to our printers in Atlanta for the Latin American edition, to Montreal for the Canadian edition, and to Paris, Tokyo, Melbourne and now Auckland for our other regional editions. By Monday noon in Paris, Tuesday noon (one day later because of the international date line) Tokyo Under, Tuesday night in Tokyo, the film has been transformed into offset printing plates.

All this is a long way indeed from issue No. 1, which went to press 42 years ago. It had a run of 25,000—which today would take our combined presses in the U.S. only 15 minutes to produce.

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THE PRESIDENT AT PRAYER BREAKFAST
Against the staging areas.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Attacks In Retaliation

The price of war in Viet Nam went up sharply last weekend: in retaliation against Communist guerilla raids which killed eight Americans and wounded more than 100, President Johnson ordered joint U.S. and South Vietnamese jet aircraft attacks on barracks and staging areas in the southern part of North Viet Nam.

Tensions had been rising all week, set off in part by the President's hasty dispatch of his top White House foreign relations advisor, McGeorge Bundy, to Saigon. Bundy's trip inevitably stirred speculation that the U.S. might be planning to expand the Vietnamese war, or, since the Bundy mission coincided with Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin's visit to Hanoi (see *THE WORLD*), that the U.S. and the Communists were entering into negotiations. The President sharply and convincingly knocked down that idea—both with words and, at week's end, action.

Less than Enthusiastic. The Bundy mission also sparked speculation that Maxwell Taylor's days as U.S. ambassador to South Viet Nam are numbered. Taylor, of course, has been feuding openly with South Viet Nam's current leader, General Nguyen Khanh. Only last December President Johnson confided to an associate that he thought Taylor's tour of duty in Saigon might well end this spring: Taylor, he explained, has served the U.S. for many years, is tired, and wants a rest. Ironically enough, the deteriorating situation in Viet Nam has probably lengthened Taylor's tenure. For Johnson to recall him while he is under fire both at home and abroad would be a sore embarrassment.

In fact, Taylor himself suggested the Bundy trip. It has become customary for the ambassador to return to Washington for consultations every couple

of months. But with South Viet Nam in its present chaotic condition, Taylor felt that he should stick to his post (the last time he left, last fortnight on a trip to Laos, another Saigon government was thrown out of office). The ambassador even sent to Washington a memorandum listing some 20 points that he hoped to discuss at length with Bundy; they ranged from whether Taylor should fly to Washington to brief Congress some time soon to the paramount question of whether the U.S. should extend, and possibly escalate, the Vietnamese war.

That made quite an agenda, and shortly after Bundy arrived in Saigon he plunged into a nine-hour session with Taylor and other U.S. diplomatic and military officials. Taylor told him flatly that until the South Vietnamese government is stabilized, it would be disastrous for the U.S. to launch more aggressive tactics and strategy.

As does every U.S. visitor to Saigon, Bundy met with frustrations. He particularly wanted to meet with Khanh, but their first scheduled session was canceled when Bundy received orders to stand by for a priority message (nature unspecified) from the White House. The two were also supposed to

meet at a U.S.-sponsored reception; Khanh sent regrets. Bundy finally did manage to spend an hour with Khanh. What they said to each other remains unknown, but Bundy emerged looking less than enthusiastic. He also met with Khanh's Acting Prime Minister Nguyen Xuan Oanh and Chief of State Phan Khac Suu.

"Appropriate & Fitting." At home President Johnson was under strong pressure either to expand the U.S. effort in Viet Nam or to think about getting out, as suggested last week by Tennessee's Democratic Senator Albert Gore. Said Gore: "Short of a major conflict, a negotiated settlement is the best we can hope for—and this only through the active collaboration of the Soviet Union."

The President had no intention of seeking any such settlement. At a press conference last week he said: "There has been no change in the position of this country in regard to our desire or our determination to help the people of Viet Nam preserve their freedom. Our basic commitment to Viet Nam was made in a statement ten years ago by our President Dwight Eisenhower, to the general effect that we would help the people of Viet Nam help themselves."



TAYLOR & BUNDY WITH SOUTH VIET NAM'S PHAN KHAC SUU
In a deteriorating situation, familiar frustrations.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

February 12, 1965

Vol. 85, No. 7

THE NATION

Then, at week's end, came massed Communist guerrilla attacks on two large American compounds at Pleiku, a mountain town 240 miles north of Saigon, where about 1,000 American military men are stationed. When President Johnson received word of these raids, he conferred by phone with Defense, State Department and CIA officials, convened a Saturday night session of the National Security Council, made the decision to launch jet attacks on North Vietnamese staging areas. Next morning he met again with the NSC, reviewed the results of the air strikes.

The President wanted it made clear that the attacks were retaliatory in nature and did not represent a general expansion of the Vietnamese war. To that effect, Press Secretary George Reedy issued a statement: "Today's joint response was carefully limited to military areas which are supplying men and arms for attacks in South Viet Nam. As in the case of the North Vietnamese attacks in the Gulf of Tonkin last August, the response is appropriate and fitting."

Clash on the Hill

With the President coaching from the sidelines, the U.S. Senate last week clashed head-on with the House by voting, 44 to 38, to modify a house-approved ban on \$37 million of surplus-food shipments promised to the United Arab Republic. The Senate version, which now goes back to the House, would permit such shipments if the President finds them "in the national interest."

The House had voted the cutoff after U.A.R. President Gamal Abdel Nasser served notice that he intends to continue shipment of arms to Congolese rebels and averred that if the U.S. did not like his brand of foreign policy it could "go jump in the lake." For his part, Johnson told newsmen last week that if the U.S. is to protect its "vital interests, in this part of the world, where tensions are very high, then the President must have freedom of action to act in the best interest of all the people of this land."

Many a Congressman still failed to see just how such food shipments to the U.A.R. might help protect U.S. interests. The fact is that some 85% of Egyptian payments to the U.S. for surplus food is returned to Cairo in easy, long-term loans, thereby freeing other Egyptian funds to help support troubling forces in the Congo, as well as in Algeria and Yemen.

THE PRESIDENCY

About 80% Normal

The President of the U.S. looked rheumy and sounded irritable. He called a press conference on only 35 minutes' notice, after White House correspondents had complained that he was not keeping them informed, and then he made them wait 25 minutes before he showed up. He had admitted that he

had not fully recovered from his recent illness and felt about "80% normal."

Earlier in the week, Johnson had seemed to be bouncing back. He more than rose to the occasion at a White House banquet honoring Vice President Hubert Humphrey (see following story). House Speaker John McCormack and Chief Justice Earl Warren. The guest list was impressive. All the Justices of the Supreme Court and most of the members of the Johnson Cabinet were there. The leaders of Congress were well represented. So was the newspaper-publishing industry—the Otis Chandler of Los Angeles, the Palmer Hoyts of Denver, the Arthur Sulzbergers of New York, Top Washington Lawyers (and sometime Johnson advisers) Abe Fortas and Clark Clifford were present. So were Laurence Rockefeller and Harvard Law School Dean



"WHO THE DEVIL DO THEY THINK IS RUNNING FOREIGN POLICY ANYHOW?"

Erwin Griswold and M.I.T.'s Economics Professor Paul Samuelson and one-time Baseball Star Jackie Robinson—and some 120 others.

Democratic Dishes. The President and Lady Bird were relaxed and gracious hosts. Bird was in the reception line, they chatted and shook hands for half an hour. Dinner did not start until 9 p.m., not too long before such ceremonial White House functions ordinarily start to break up. The tables in the State Dining Room and the nearby Blue Room featured strictly Democratic china:ware: the Truman dishes in the dining room, the Wilson and Roosevelt dishes in the Blue Room. The menu honored the principal guests: the seafood was a la Golden Gate for California's Warren; the chicken was a la Bay State for Massachusetts' McCormack; for Humphrey there was wild rice from Minnesota.

Speeches and toasts were followed with readings by Actor Hume Cronyn and his wife Jessica Tandy, who recited from the works of such well-known authors as Sir Winston Churchill, Edmund Burke, T. S. Eliot, William Shakespeare, Percy Bysshe Shelley and Lyn-

don Baines Johnson ("The Great Society asks not only how much, but how good . . ."). For the rest of the evening there was dancing. The President was not at his terpsichorean tops, but he did keep at it until 1 a.m.

Winds & Clouds. Later in the week the President went to a dinner of the B'nai B'rith's Anti-Defamation League to receive the Legacy Award for his "distinguished contribution to the enrichment of our democratic heritage." Lyndon took that public opportunity to answer critics who complain that his preoccupation with preserving a U.S. consensus tends to preclude bold presidential action.

"Out of the years of fire and faith in this 20th century," he said, "our diverse peoples have forged together a consensus such as we have not known before—a consensus on our national purposes, our national policies and the principles to guide them both. Thoughtful men want to know—are we entering an era when consensus will become an end in itself? Will we substitute consensus for challenge? Will a devotion to agreement keep us from those tasks that are disagreeable? Tonight, for myself, I turn back to the ancient Scriptures for the answer: 'He that observeth the wind shall not sow and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.'"

The Burden. At this meeting the President reiterated his hopes for a trip this year to the Soviet Union. "I have reason to believe," he said, "that the Soviet leadership would welcome my visit to their country—as I would be very glad to do. I am hopeful that before the year is out this exchange of visits may occur." At his press conference next day, the President did not elaborate, but the word from the White House was that talks are going on at the ambassadorial level, both in Washington and Moscow. As of last week, it appeared that the Soviets were agreeable to a visit, perhaps this summer, but so far neither dates nor itinerary nor agenda have been worked out.

Characteristic of the generally introspective mood that gripped the President last week was the statement he made to 1,000 people—many of them public officials—who attended the annual Presidential Prayer Breakfast sponsored by the International Christian Leadership. He noted that some people are skeptical of public officials who pray. "I am sure," said Johnson, "such skepticism has been deserved by some. But I am more certain that only the unknowing and the unthinking would challenge today the motives that bring our public officials together for moments of prayer and meditation." To his listeners, he seemed to be pleading for understanding when he added: "In these times more than any other, the public life is a lonely life. The burden of every vote, every decision, every act—and even of every utterance—is too great to be shared and much too great to be borne alone."

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

A Gruntled Man

An old friend saw Vice President Hubert Humphrey hurrying across the White House grounds. "Yes, Virginia," he cried with a whoop of laughter. "There is a Vice President." Hubert stopped as if he had been struck by lightning, finally managed a weak grin and hurried on.

Washington was filled with such wisecracks last week, mostly as a result of President Johnson's failure to name Humphrey to the official U.S. delegation attending the funeral of Sir Winston Churchill. Johnson himself was obviously smarting about the gossip that he and his Vice President are not getting along. Asked about the Churchill funeral at his press conference, he reacted petulantly.

"I am glad to have the press reactions and reactions abroad on the protocol involved in connection with funerals," he said. "I had served as Vice President for three years, and it had never occurred to me and I never had it brought to my attention so vividly that it was the duty and the function of the Vice President to be present at all official funerals. In the light of your interest and other interests, I may have made a mistake by asking a Chief Justice to go and not asking the Vice President. I will bear in mind in connection with any future funerals my very strong feelings in the matter and try to act in accordance with our national interest."

"Why, I Enjoy That." Hubert himself is the most gruntled of men, and he even manages to make a joke about all the talk. "There is," he quips, "less to this than meets the eye." Indeed he insists that he has never been happier, worked harder, or been given greater responsibilities.

On a fairly typical day last week, Humphrey dropped by the White House at 8 a.m., conferred with Presidential Aide Bill Moyers, then went to his desk in the Executive Office Building across the street. There he talked with a West German industrialist and Brazil's Archbishop Helder Pessoa Câmara before dashing back to the White House to huddle with Johnson and Senate leaders about legislative plans and programs. Next, Humphrey was off to the Hill to preside over the opening of the day's Senate session ("You keep hearing people say that presiding over the Senate is a dull job. Why, I enjoy that"), then to speak to a meeting of students, next to the Statler Hilton to address a luncheon of the Advertising Federation of America, back to his office for an afternoon of paper work, and finally into bib and tucker for the White House dinner at which he was one of the honored guests.

At that dinner, the President toasted him: "The office of the Vice President is now held by a man who has long been in the forefront of America's

mighty effort to lead the world toward lasting peace, a man who is valuable to our nation and invaluable to me, Hubert Humphrey."

The valuable invaluable man sits in on all Cabinet and National Security Council meetings, spends two or three nights a week in informal confabs with the President, is consulted (even though his advice is not always followed) on all major foreign policy matters, played an important part in drafting Johnson's farm message last week.

At Leash's End. Johnson keeps him on a close leash, wants to know at all times where he is, what he is doing and, most important, what he is saying or planning to say. Humphrey's official car is linked to the White House by radio-telephone. At his bedside is a White House hot line. If Hubert is neither in bed nor in his car, the Secret Service



men accompanying him are wired directly to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

"A Vice President," says the Vice President, "will be and is what the President wants him to be, and above all, a Vice President must be loyal. He must have a quality of fidelity, a willingness literally to give himself, to be what the President wants him to be, a loyal, faithful friend and servant."

THE CONGRESS

An Apple for Appalachia

In sending his fully packed legislative program to Congress this year, President Johnson asked that his aid-to-Appalachia program receive top priority. That is certainly what it is getting. Last week, only three days after the bill reached the floor, the Senate passed it by a vote of 62 to 22.

As sent to the House, where speedy approval is expected, the bill provides \$1.1 billion in federal aid over the next five years. Of this, \$840 million would be used to help build some 3,350 miles of new highways and access roads. Not that Appalachia has a traffic jam; rather, the area would like to create one, with a road system that would bring in

new industry and attract more tourists to its thousands of acres of lakes and forests. West Virginia, for example, estimates that 360 miles of new parkway in the state might bring in 7,000,000 more tourists each year, generate new annual income of \$70 million.

All but Bobby. Beyond that, the program includes \$36.5 million to help reclaim millions of acres of land that have been abandoned after being gouged and torn by strip mining. It also provides \$41 million for hospital construction, \$28 million for hospital maintenance, \$16 million to construct vocational schools, \$5,000,000 for water-resources studies, \$5,000,000 to help develop timber resources, \$6,000,000 for sewage-treatment systems, and \$2,400,000 for administration.

When the Appalachia bill reached the Senate floor, it included 355 counties in eleven states.* Predictably, many a Senator wanted to get into the act by amending the bill to include regional aid programs in his own home territory. Massachusetts Democrat Ted Kennedy had a plan for New England, Arkansas Democrat John McClellan one for the Ozarks, and Michigan Democrat Patrick McNamara one for the Upper Great Lakes area. Arguing that such additions would smother the original Appalachia plan and promising that President Johnson would soon send other regional programs to Congress, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield managed to dissuade the Senators from offering their amendments. All, that is, except Robert Kennedy.

Fancy Footwork. Delivering his maiden speech in the Senate, Bobby recalled that Republican Governor Rockefeller had been notably lukewarm toward the idea of having his state included in the aid-to-Appalachia program. This, Bobby said, was "a grievous error." He offered an amendment to the effect that the Appalachian Regional Commission, also to be set up under the Johnson bill, be directed to consider the inclusion of 13 southern New York counties under the program.

At that point, New York Republican Jacob Javits showed young Bobby a bit of fancy footwork. He noted that Bobby had not bothered to name the 13 counties. Bobby agreed that this might be a good idea, amended his amendment. Javits also pointed out that, as in all Appalachian-aid states, any program in New York would require consultation with and the approval of the Governor. Again Bobby agreed, sent up another amendment to his amendment. With that, it passed by a voice vote. Bobby made a round of the chamber, accepting handshakes and congratulations. But, thanks to Javits, it was abundantly clear that Rockefeller would have the last word in New York.

* All of West Virginia and parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Victory in Jail

In the third week of his drive to register Negro voters in Selma, Ala., and environs, the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. deliberately set out to get himself and his followers arrested. He succeeded spectacularly, spending four days in jail himself and getting nearly 3,500 others booked by Alabama's remarkably stupid law enforcement officials, who fell hook, line and sinker for his bait. Toward week's end, King was accurately able to state in a national fund-raising "Letter from a Selma, Ala., Jail" newspaper advertisement that "there are more Negroes in jail with me than there are on the voting rolls."⁶

During the previous two weeks of his Selma drive, King had tried to steer clear of legal violations—particularly of breaking Selma's 1963 ordinance that bans "any parade or procession or public demonstration on the streets or other public ways of the city, unless a permit therefor has been secured from the council." Thus, in sending his followers to the county courthouse to try to register, he had carefully instructed them to move in groups of four or five, keeping at least 20 ft. apart.

Pied Piper Procession. By last week King decided to employ more dramatic tactics: he led 237 Negroes on a mass march to the courthouse, ignored the admonition of Selma's public safety director, Wilson Baker, who has been desperately trying to keep peace in the strife-stricken town and who kept running out to pluck at Parade Leader King's sleeve and saying: "This is a deliberate attempt to violate the city's parade ordinance. You know the law. You've been abiding by it for two

weeks. You've had plenty of time to apply for a parade permit, and you haven't done it." As the Negroes marched on, Baker ordered them all arrested.

King's arrest, as he had anticipated, swiftly led to even more jailings. Some 474 Negro children deserted their classes to protest King's arrest; they were charged with juvenile delinquency. Another 36 Negro adults were charged with contempt of court for picketing the courthouse while state circuit court was in session. Next day another 111 adults were arrested on the same charge, despite their claim that they merely wanted to see the voting registrar; nearly 400 students were also arrested, packed into buses and driven to the old Selma armory.

And so it went. One day 355 Negro students locked arms on the sidewalk outside the courthouse, rocked to and fro while singing traditional civil rights songs, changing some of the words so as to include the name of Sheriff James Clark, the particular villain in the Selma drive. "I love Jim Clark in my heart," they sang, and "Ain't gonna let Jim Clark turn me 'round." Clark placed them all under arrest, but he provided no buses. Instead, he ordered them to follow two motorcycles in a Pied Piper procession through the center of Selma to the armory, where many spent a cold night sleeping on the cement floor.

Expensive Hamburgers. The demonstration spread to nearby Marion, Ala., seat of Perry County, in which Negroes outnumber whites 11,500 to 6,000, but only 300 are registered to vote. There Negroes tested the public-accommodations section of the civil rights law, entered a Marion drugstore, were served Cokes laced with salt and informed that the price of a hamburger had risen to \$5. Next day 15 Negroes protesting this were arrested. This brought nearly 700 Negro students into the streets.

Boycotting classes, they marched in orderly fashion, observing traffic lights, toward the jail. There they sang civil rights songs until warned by a state trooper: "Sing one more song and you are under arrest." One of King's Alabama aides, James Orange, told the students: "Sing another song." Sing another they did; troopers arrested all 700, ordered them into school buses, sent them off to be booked.

Even while King's nonviolent strategy was working the way he wanted it to, he faced trouble from extremist Northern Negroes. While King was still in jail, New York's Black Nationalist Malcolm X visited Selma, spoke to an audience of some 500, cried: "The white man should thank God that Dr. King is holding his people in check, because there are others who don't feel that way, and there are other ways to obtain their ends." If King's tactics fail, Malcolm threatened, those "other ways" will be tried. And at week's end a group of 15 Northern and Western Congressmen visited Selma on an "inspection" trip.

Significant Breakthrough. Under the pressures already brought by King, Selma Negroes were actually beginning to make some progress in speeding the registration procedure. The county board of registration, which ordinarily sits for only two days a month, in January sat for twelve days, and on a single day last week processed 60 Negro applications—although there was no indication that any had been declared qualified to vote. Moreover, a federal judge, responding to a suit brought by the U.S. Department of Justice, decreed that Alabama's onerous 20-page voting test on government and the U.S. Constitution, aimed at disqualifying Negroes, must be discarded and that Dallas County registrars must process at least 100 applicants each day their offices are open.

⁶ As of then, only 335 of the 32,700 Negroes in Dallas County, of which Selma is the county seat, were registered to vote.



SELMA SCHOOLCHILDREN BEING MARCHED TO DETENTION COMPOUND
The bait numbered 3,500.



MARTIN LUTHER KING AFTER HIS RELEASE FROM JAIL.
More behind bars than on the voting rolls.

With the breakthrough under his belt and his cause dramatized before the world, Martin Luther King finally paid his \$200 bond, emerged from jail to propose a meeting with President Johnson in which he would urge that federal registrars replace local officials to assure racial equality in voting registration throughout the South.

Despite their gains, Negroes continued to protest. Another 525, including 450 children, were arrested in Selma at week's end. And King announced that his drive would continue there and would spread to such other Alabama cities as Montgomery, Gadsden, Anniston, Tuscaloosa and Dothan.

Pinched Purses

Most U.S. civil rights organizations are feeling a financial pinch—largely because donors let down after passage of the civil rights bill while operating budgets kept rising. The civil rights balance sheet, according to leaders of the five largest organizations:

- **The Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (S.N.C.C.)** is currently so low on cash that it has cut all salaries in half (even those of \$10-a-week workers in Mississippi). Officials insist that the problem is an annual one, caused in part by the fact that potential contributors are still paying Christmas bills. A victim of growing pains as much as pinched purses, S.N.C.C. in the past year has doubled its paid staff (from 115 to 235), is considering upping its budget from \$750,000 in its current fiscal year to a whopping \$2,000,000.

- **The N.A.A.C.P.** depends heavily on membership dues, last year had an income of \$1,100,000, or \$200,000 below 1963. The organization lost some 70,000 members (down to 462,000) because its workers concentrated on

getting the rights law passed and Goldwater defeated instead of on getting memberships renewed. The group spent \$400,000 more than it took in, but officials say that \$300,000 in redeemable bail money for people arrested in Mississippi is included in the deficit.

- **The Congress of Racial Equality** is in serious trouble, took in \$900,000 in its last fiscal year, but has run its accumulated debt up to \$150,000. For six weeks of the past four months, its top executives got no pay. CORE has changed its mind about opening a new Washington office this year, and is reducing its expenses by not hiring replacements for staffers who quit.

- **Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference (S.C.L.C.)** spent \$625,000 last year, managed to stay even with its income. The current budget is \$500,000. Most of S.C.L.C.'s cash comes from big-name (Harry Belafonte, Mahalia Jackson) benefit performances, from monthly direct-mail appeals, or from book royalties and speaking appearances by King, who raises as much as \$10,000 from a single talk. Oddly enough, S.C.L.C. figures that it lost money because King got the Nobel Peace Prize: it kept him away from his normal speaking schedule.

- **The National Urban League** is the most comfortable of all, figures easily to raise \$1,900,000 this year. Last year it collected \$225,000 more than it did in 1963, credits its strong financial condition to the fact that its support comes from foundations, federal grants, prosperous Negro and white businessmen, labor unions and blue-ribbon banks or corporations. The league got \$650,000 from corporations last year.

◊ Waving off reporters at rear: Public Safety Director Wilson Baker.

GEORGIA

That Changing Climate

The Deep South Congressman stood up in the House of Representatives to observe the 100th anniversary of the Ku Klux Klan. He asked: "Shall we permit faceless men, under cover of robes and darkness, to imperil the liberties of our people?" No, he answered, urging that the K.K.K. be investigated forthwith by the House Un-American Activities Committee. "Honest men may differ in the precise limitations of the word 'un-American,' but surely all agree that the activities which by force and violence seek to deprive others of rights guaranteed them by the Constitution are un-American!"

It has been a long while since a Dixie Democrat expressed such sentiments in the House of Representatives. The fact that Charles Longstreet Weltner, 37, a Representative from Georgia, did so last week was partly a testament to his integrity. Even more, it was a result of the South's changing political climate, in which the Negro vote is increasingly important. Weltner represents an Atlanta district, and its 105,000 Negroes—of whom 57,000 are registered voters—are the reason why he is in Congress.

Good Credentials. Weltner's predecessor was one James C. Davis, an eight-term Congressman who kept getting returned to Washington because of Georgia's unfair county-unit electoral system (which was loaded in favor of rural counties as against urban areas), his unflagging efforts to secure appropriations to fight hog cholera and water hyacinths, and his diheard segregationism. Then the county-unit system was overturned by the federal courts, the district was redrawn to include more of Atlanta and less of farm counties, and in 1962 along came Weltner to run



ATLANTA'S CONGRESSMAN WELTNER
The folks back home are the reason why.

against Davis. He had imposing Southern credentials. One of his great-grandfathers was Georgia's first chief justice, Joseph Henry Lumpkin. Another great-grandfather was Thomas Reade Rootes Cobb, a Confederate general who was killed at Fredericksburg. His father is a former chancellor of Georgia's university system and a onetime president of Oglethorpe University. Weltner himself attended Oglethorpe and got a law degree at Columbia University before settling down to an Atlanta practice.

Democrat Weltner defeated Democrat Davis, went to Washington and, after the fashion of Congressmen in what used to be the one-party South, settled down for a long stay. Last year came a test of conscience—and New South politics. In meeting it, Weltner became the only Deep South Democratic Representative to vote for final passage of the civil rights bill. Letters—more than 1,000 of them—poured in from outraged white constituents, and Weltner's political career was imperiled. "I caught hell," he recalls. Although Georgia went for Goldwater, Weltner was saved by Atlanta's Negro



SENATOR KENNEDY

Sort of like the Reichstag fire.

voters, who gave more than 90% of their vote, considerably more than his 19,000 margin of victory.

Without Fault. Now Weltner has an audience far beyond his district—at Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Wellesley, the University of Michigan, and wherever else academic audiences crave to hear racism denounced in Southern draws. Most of Weltner's Southern colleagues in Congress seem to understand his position. Says a North Carolina Congressman: "He gets along pretty well with us Southerners, but there is some little feeling that he plays up to the Negro vote." Then reflecting on the political changes taking place in the South, the Congressman added: "But you can't fault a man for representing his district."

NEW YORK

Up Bob, Down Bobby

For four long weeks, Democrats in the New York state senate and assembly had been deadlocked in a ludicrous leadership fight between forces backed by New York City's Mayor Robert Wagner and a coalition allied with Senator Bobby Kennedy.

Wagner simply wanted Senator Joseph Zaretzki and Assemblyman Anthony Travia, both of whom had served as legislative leaders when the Democrats were in the minority, to move up in well-organized succession to the majority-leadership posts. The Kennedy coalition wanted to move its own men in.

Republicans could hardly be blamed for enjoying the Democratic spectacle, but Governor Rockefeller's entire legislative program was being held up, and early last week he decided the stalemate had gone on long enough. He met



GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER

Intervention ended the spectacle.

with G.O.P. legislative leaders, advised them to intervene in the Democratic squabble and cast their votes for the Wagner candidates.

"Black Day." Thus at midweek, Republican Senator John Hughes arose with a resolution. For days past he had been nominating Fellow Republican Earl Brydges for majority leader. But not this time. Now Senator Hughes asked "that Joseph Zaretzki be named president pro tem."

The anti-Wagner uproar could have been heard in Schenectady. "This is a very, very black day in the tradition and history of the legislature!" cried Brooklyn Democrat Irwin Brownstein. "What is happening here wasn't created in the senate. It was in the Governor's office and at Gracie mansion [Wagner's official residence]." Buffalo Democrat Frank Glinski roared: "Hitler burned down the Reichstag because he couldn't get majorities! Somebody may put a match to this place soon, too." All to

no avail: with all 25 Republican senators joining 15 Democrats, the senate elected Zaretzki, 40 to 18. Zaretzki was as surprised as anyone by the sudden turn. Quipped he: "I'm glad somebody finally realizes the great job I was doing as minority leader here for eight years."

Next day, with 46 Republicans joining 35 Democrats, the assembly elected Wagner Man Travia as speaker. Again there were shouts of protest. Complained Brooklyn Democrat Bertram Podell: "He had the votes right in his pocket—the fellow down in city hall. It's a disgrace." Shouted another: "What you Republicans are doing is evil! It's wrong! It's immoral!" When Travia ascended to the speaker's rostrum, many



MAYOR WAGNER

A little like a shotgun wedding.

anti-Wagner Democrats turned their backs on him; his main rival, Brooklyn's Stanley Steingut, stalked out without pausing to offer congratulations.

Split Wide Open. Democratic State Chairman William McKeon, whom Wagner had accused of bribery at one point during the battle, called a press conference, branded senators who had voted for Zaretzki "Wagner-fellers" and "Rocky-crats." Said McKeon: "At best it was a union between city hall and the Governor's mansion in the finest of shotgun-wedding traditions. The two guns held by each of these men were aimed at the eyes of the public." Mayor Wagner replied by again demanding that McKeon resign. That sort of bitterness seemed likely to keep New York Democrats split wide open for a long time.

While both Rockefeller and Wagner quite naturally denied a deal, both came out of the mess rather well. Wagner, who announced that he would seek a fourth term as mayor, gained in prestige, picked up control of over \$4,000,000 in patronage; the Governor enhanced the chances for approval of his record \$3.5 billion budget, which in-

cludes a \$530 million tax increase. As for Bobby Kennedy, he allowed as how he had not really been involved in the fight anyhow. But, he said grimly, it is "unfortunate that things have developed to the point that the leadership of the Democratic Party is decided by the Republicans."

AGRICULTURE

The Great Society, Country Style

The President's annual farm message is a melancholy event: it invariably proposes the waste of several billion dollars. President Johnson's farm program, sent to Congress last week, is no exception. It would cost nearly as much as the present \$6.9 billion. Even more distressing, the President obviously recognized past and present failures ("We need to change much of our thinking on farm policy"), but declined to take action. For the future, he offered only another "fundamental examination of the entire agricultural policy of the United States."

Far from recommending that farm subsidies, on which the U.S. is now spending \$3.1 billion a year, be cut back, Johnson warned that the removal of price props "would have a catastrophic effect on farm income." He urged that present programs for wheat, feed grains, cotton, tobacco, rice and wool "be extended and improved." He also said that additional programs for other commodities are in the works and that "recommendations will be made as circumstances may require."

Noting that the basic cause of farm programs is the U.S. farmer's "enormous capacity to produce," Johnson recommended a long-range plan to remove between 50 million and 80 million acres of land from crop production, convert them to such nonagricultural uses as parks, forests and highway beautification. Such a program, he said, would supplement present acreage diversion and allotment plans, and eventually would more than pay for itself. In the meantime, Administration officials estimated, the plan would cost at least \$100 million a year.

Johnson called for "a national policy for rural America, with parity of opportunity as its goal." He listed some "harsh facts" of U.S. rural life, including such statistics as: 46% of rural families have incomes of less than \$3,000 a year; one-fourth of all farm homes and one-fifth of all rural nonfarm homes are without running water; the educational attainment of rural dwellers lags two years behind that of their urban cousins, and health facilities are poor by comparison. "These deficiencies," the President said, "leave too few resources to support education, health, and other public services essential to development of the talent, skills and earning power of the people."

To do something about it, Johnson said that he already had ordered Agri-

culture Secretary Orville Freeman to establish a Rural Community Development Service within the Department of Agriculture to assist other federal agencies in extending their various services to rural areas. As for Congress, Johnson recommended that it enact legislation to equalize the availability of home-mortgage credit in urban and rural areas. He also asked Congress to raise the limits on the Department of Agriculture's loan-insurance program, which insures farm-ownership loans as well as rural-community improvement loans. "We have the opportunity now to provide the means by which people in rural towns and on inadequate farms can join the march toward a better life," Johnson said. "We must seize this opportunity."

It all added up to a blueprint for the Great Society, country style.

each other in eight-hour, all-weather shifts. No one plane lands until another has become airborne. Dubbed "Looking Glass," the plane is manned by a crew that flies a random pattern within radar distance of SAC's Omaha headquarters. The SAC general aboard, one of 50 who regularly pull Looking Glass duty, is the AEAO (for Airborne Emergency Actions Officer). He is in charge of a group of officers and technicians maintaining instant communications with Omaha, the White House, the Pentagon, and each of the 70 SAC bases all over the world.

Under certain specifically detailed emergency conditions, the Looking Glass plane would become a crucial factor in U.S. strategy by operating as a relay station that would send messages from superior command stations on the ground to SAC bombers and missile-



AIRBORNE EMERGENCY COMMAND STAFF ALOFT

The last remaining American would not just sit there.

DEFENSE

35,000 Hours Through the Looking Glass

In its 24-hour-a-day, 365-day-a-year alert against surprise attack, the U.S. depends on a foolproof communications system. To make sure that communications work even in the event of a massive missile attack that could destroy most of the vital command centers of U.S. defense, the Strategic Air Command maintains an emergency headquarters command and communications staff headed by a general in a jet airplane five miles in the sky. That system was initiated four years ago last week and—figuratively speaking—the plane has been circling aloft for more than 35,000 hours.

There are, in fact, several such planes—adapted models of the familiar Boeing 707 commercial airliner—that spell

launching sites. If all or most ground commands were wiped out, the AEAO would take over the direction of a U.S. thermonuclear retaliation. Through a multiple-checked series of authentications, he would break open a locked "red box" and issue the "Go" orders to missile sites and bomber bases that would send nuclear warheads toward preselected targets. Says one AEAO officer, Major General Alvan C. Gillem: "If I were the last remaining American, I wouldn't sit there and do nothing."

To make absolutely certain that no one man, from the AEAO on down, can start a Strangelove-style war of his own, every member of the Looking Glass team carries a .38-cal. revolver aboard. Said General Gillem last week: "If I were to reach for the red box without authorization, I would probably find the revolvers of seven or eight men at the back of my head."

THE WORLD

COMMUNISTS

With a Tight Smile

For a visitor of such rank, Peking might have been expected to roll out brass bands, banners, and brigades of costumed marchers. But for the passenger aboard the Ilyushin 18 that touched down at Peking Airport last week—Russian Premier Aleksei Kosygin—the only decorations were four forlorn red lanterns, and they were leftovers from Lunar New Year celebrations. Mourned a waiting Russian diplomat: "We told them that Kosygin would stop over here. They did not answer us." The Red Chinese inhospitality was understandable. After all, Kosygin was en route to Hanoi to court Peking's next-door satellite, North Viet Nam.

Five-Minute Glow. There was some question about whether any official welcome would show up; at the last moment Premier Chou En-lai appeared. Kosygin stepped quickly down the ramp, shook Chou's hand, then hugged him; Chou managed a tight smile. Mumbled Kosygin: "It is always a great pleasure." The glow lasted five minutes. Then Chou departed, leaving the Russian Premier to drive unescorted and unheralded to the Ying Ping Kuan guesthouse, where copies of a recent Peking People's Daily carried three acid poems of greeting to Kosygin. A sample:

*"We all come from the same root.
It is clear that only the labels have
changed.*

*You simply peddle the same old line
of goods."*

Later Chou had Kosygin to lunch and dinner. Under the circumstances, it was unlikely that the two leaders made much progress toward healing the Sino-Soviet breach or diluting Peking's op-

position to Moscow's planned world Communist conference. The Chinese announced merely that a "conversation" took place.

"Splendid Significance." Next morning Kosygin flew on to Hanoi, and there the climate was warmer. Thousands turned out in welcome, and when Kosygin called on President Ho Chi Minh, the atmosphere was announced as "warm and friendly." Radio Hanoi gushed that the visit would be of "splendid significance," and in his arrival address Russia's Premier left little doubt why. He eulogized the North as "an inspiring example for the population of South Viet Nam against American and foreign interventionists and their puppets"—which was clear support for Hanoi's subversive war to take over the South.

The Kremlin may well smell a Communist victory in Viet Nam and feel it must make a gesture of solidarity even if Washington expands the war. By lending a hand to Hanoi, Moscow would win new prestige while blunting Peking's influence. The makeup of Kosygin's contingent was probably the best clue as to what the Russians had on their minds. On the list were Marshal Konstantin Vershinin, Deputy Defense Minister and commander of the Soviet air force, and Colonel General Georgy Sidorovich, No. 2 man in Moscow's military aid program. The Russians were expected to offer military hardware that Peking cannot match—quite possibly SA-2-type ground-to-air missiles and supersonic MIG-21 jet fighters.

Moscow was almost surely strengthening its commitment to Hanoi and challenging the Chinese anew. That would make even more difficult any U.S. decision about policy in Viet Nam.

LAOS

Battle of the Neckerchiefs

The Laotian army, such as it is, is divided into three parts: 1) neutralists, under General Kong Le, 2) Communist Pathet Lao, under Red Prince Souphanouvong, and 3) rightists, whose nominal leader has been General Phoumi Nosavan. Last week, like self-dividing amoebae, the right-wing troops split into warring factions.

Licenses for Trouble. At issue, as the smoke gradually cleared, were family rivalry and the spoils system. The potent Sananikone clan has never forgiven Phoumi Nosavan for kicking out their patriarch, Phoui Sananikone, as Premier six years ago. One of the clan, General Kouprasith Abhay, is military governor of Vientiane, and he has recently been quarreling with a Phoumi partisan, General Sio Lamphouthacoul, over who should control such imports as liquor and medicine, as well as the lucrative fees from opium and gambling dens. As a result, licensing patrols of Kouprasith's soldiers and Sio's police have been arresting each other, while gamblers and opium-den keepers loudly complained at having to buy two licenses to operate in peace.

Last week a former Phoumi aide, Colonel Bounleut Sycocie, suddenly ordered three companies of Royal Laotian troops to occupy the Vientiane radio station. Taking over the microphone, Bounleut broadcast a demand for a shake-up in the rightist high command, which the Sananikones interpreted as an attempt at a Phoumi comeback. When Bounleut's troops blossomed out with blue neckerchiefs, Kouprasith's forces replied by donning yellow ones (most Asian armies are well supplied with colored kerchiefs,



KOSYGIN WITH CHOU EN-LAI IN PEKING



WITH HO CHI MINH IN HANOI

Four forlorn lanterns at the airport.



PHOUI
To Phoumi.

which are used as identifying insignia for the various battalions).

Yellow Fire. The first clash occurred when General Kouprasith, returning to his headquarters east of Vientiane, crashed his car through a "blue" roadblock; a hail of bullets killed three of his men.

Next, a pro-Phoumi commander at Paksane, 100 miles to the northeast, advanced on Vientiane to reinforce Bouneut. His troops were scattered by "yellow" artillery fire with a loss of three dead. Phoumi Nosavan then appeared in the capital in full battle dress, announced that unless Kouprasith ended his siege of Bouneut, he would unleash Siko's police. Kouprasith answered with an artillery and mortar barrage, whereupon Bouneut and his men switched sides, exchanging their blue kerchiefs for yellow.

For ten hours, Phoumi's police and Kouprasith's troops fought it out in the heart of the city. One square block was leveled and the central police station burned to the ground. As is usually the case in Laos, most of the 60 dead were civilian noncombatants. The tide eventually turned against the police, who at one point were attacked by angry wasps disturbed by the gunfire. When the police surrendered, 800 of them were imprisoned in a cigarette factory. Phoumi's luxurious villa was destroyed and Phoumi himself vanished, finally turning up with Police Chief Siko at Udorn, site of a U.S. airbase in nearby Thailand.

Two Down. During the fighting, Premier Souvanna Phouma was holed up in the waiting room of a local hospital. If he issued any orders they were neither heard nor obeyed. With Phoumi's flight, Souvanna had lost the second of his Deputy Premiers (the first, his half brother, Prince Souphanouvong, had long since bolted into Communist-held territory). Phoumi, a native southerner, may well intend to rally his forces in the south and try to repeat his successful 1960 march on the capital. As

for the Sananikones, with Kouprasith in control of Vientiane, they obviously hope some day to be strong enough to depose Souvanna Phouma and make Patriarch Phoui Sananikone once more Premier of Laos.

GREAT BRITAIN

Harrying Harold

Last month the Tories were all set to pounce on the Labor government with a motion in the House of Commons to censure the drastic and controversial measures of Harold Wilson's first 100 days. Out of respect for the dying Winston Churchill, Sir Alec Douglas-Home and his fellow Tories held their tongues. By last week, when the debate finally came, both sides were fairly bursting to get at each other's throats.

"The honeymoon is over," said Home, as he took the floor to blast Labor for raising taxes, strangling credit and threatening to cancel the British aircraft industry's multimillion-dollar project for the supersonic Concorde airliner. Home could hardly be heard. For as he began to speak the House dissolved into a raging bedlam of angry partisans, bellowing insults at one another, shaking fists, waving sheaves of papers in the turbulent air. Amid repeated pleas for order, Sir Alec managed to charge that the Labor government had gone back on its campaign promises to revitalize Britain, turned instead to "panic measures" and "hysterical accounts of Britain's problems" that had spread "doubt and confusion" throughout the land. "I do not know how the right honorable gentlemen opposite can sit complacently in their places with this litter of broken pledges around them," said Douglas-Home. "If there is any rectitude left in them, they should go."

Now the noisy jeering came from the Tory benches. Trying to make himself heard between outbursts ("Resign! Resign!") of up to 20 minutes' duration, the Prime Minister dismissed Sir Alec as a "scat singer,"^{*} blamed Britain's economic squeeze on the "irresponsibility" of the former administration. And, he warned, the squeeze was going to get worse. With that, he announced bitter news for the aircraft industry: cancellation of two major contracts for military planes, which the government decided were too expensive and would take too long to build. Britain could buy the planes more cheaply from the U.S., Wilson said.

The censure motion was defeated on strict party lines—306 to 289, with nine Liberals abstaining. But Wilson was in deep trouble, and he knew it. Another major Tory onslaught can be

^{*} In jazz terms, a musician who uses nonsense syllables (*boot-a-dee-ba-bwa-bad-a-ee*) instead of words to heighten the effect of the voice as a musical instrument. In Sir Alec's league are some of the finest musicians in the world, including Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong, scat singers both.



WILSON
To chance.

expected soon, and the chance absence of even three Laborites at any crucial vote could be enough to bring down his government.

Missing from the House last week were two familiar figures, both former Foreign Secretaries. Richard Austen ("Rab") Butler, 62, holder of six Cabinet posts in Tory governments and rejected aspirant for the prime ministership when Harold Macmillan resigned, announced that he was leaving his front-bench seat to accept a life peerage and become Master of Cambridge's Trinity College. The Labor Party's Patrick Gordon Walker, disappointed loser in last month's by-election at Leyton, announced that he had also accepted a position in the academic world—as adviser to the Initial Teaching Alphabet Foundation, an institution that promotes the use of a 44-character alphabet as an aid in teaching children to read.

FRANCE

The Convocation

Under the heavily encrusted ceiling of the Elysée Palace's Salle des Fêtes, one thousand newsmen and the French Cabinet sat in splendor on spindly gilt chairs, buzzing to themselves in the perfumed heat. Precisely at 3 o'clock, the buzzing stopped, a white-gloved valet parted the brocade curtains in front of them, and out stepped the grandest Frenchman of them all. "Good day, ladies and gentlemen, I congratulate myself on seeing you," said Charles de Gaulle, opening his eleventh semi-annual convocation of the press.

As always, De Gaulle had spent several days preparing, honing and memorizing exactly what he wanted to say, but as always, he went through the formality of receiving questions from the floor, registering his comprehension of each with a grave nod or a murmured phrase (*"très bien"*). When an editor asked him about his health, the



DE GAULLE BEFORE THE PRESS*
"I congratulate myself on seeing you."

General said wryly: "I am not too bad, but rest assured I will not fail to die."

Common Concern. It took only four minutes for the newsmen, carefully instructed, to supply De Gaulle with the questions to his answers. "Now then," he said, "there is the whole group of subjects that are of concern to you and, I believe, to the whole world."

Turning first to economics, De Gaulle began with a 20-minute justification of the De Gaulle policy—midway between the "excesses" of totally free enterprise and "sullen, colorless and savorless" socialism. Then he declared that the reunification of Germany, one of the cold war's most explosive issues, could be accomplished only "by Europe herself"; this brought snorts of disagreement from Washington, which considers the matter to be of wider concern. Combining his customary grand view of Europe with a swipe at the U.S., De Gaulle continued: "Europe, the mother of modern civilization, must establish herself from the Atlantic to the Urals in harmony and cooperation, so as to play, in conjunction with America, her daughter, the role that falls to her in the progress of 2 billion men." A united Europe would have to include Britain too, and De Gaulle indicated his desire for better relations with London by announcing that Prime Minister Harold Wilson might soon be coming to Paris "to deal with all the problems common to our two great countries."

Then De Gaulle dropped an ingot that sent sound waves through the financial world: he called for a return to the gold standard, and a whole new approach to the international monetary system (see U.S. BUSINESS). Admittedly, said De Gaulle, such a measure would cause an enormous upheaval in the world financial structure—which these days is based largely on the dollar. But, De Gaulle went on, "there can be no other criterion, no other

standard, than gold—gold that never changes, that can be shaped into ingots, bars, coins, that has no nationality and that is eternally and universally accepted as the unalterable fiduciary value par excellence."

Usurped Powers. Also on De Gaulle's mind was the United Nations, which for months has been crippled by the dispute over assessments for U.N. peacekeeping operations—for which, of course, the French have not been willing to pay. The problem, decided De Gaulle, lay not in the U.N. Charter—which, "with Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, and Chiang Kai-shek, I had the honor of working out"—but in the fact that the General Assembly had usurped the powers delegated by the charter to the veto-conscious Security Council. "Under the pressure of events in Korea, in Suez, in Hungary, and of the immoderate abuse by the Soviets of their veto, the United Nations let themselves go beyond their nature and their possibilities—they went beyond their charter," said De Gaulle. "It is obviously necessary that Washington, Moscow, London, Peking, and Paris agree to return to the starting point, as they agreed in the past to found the United Nations. Geneva would be the most appropriate place for such negotiations among the five."

Few would argue with Charles de Gaulle that the U.N. was sick, but many disagreed with De Gaulle's diagnosis. In Washington, President Johnson told his own press conference that it was not the charter itself that needed change, but the attitude of "those countries which have violated either the spirit or the letter of the charter." Even more unacceptable was De Gaulle's proposed remedy, which would bring Communist China into negotiations for the revision of an organization from which it has

been repeatedly blackballed. Furthermore, few of the organization's 108 smaller powers, whose main voice is the General Assembly, would likely applaud any move by the Big Five to dictate changes in the U.N. structure.

Mixed-Up Money

While he was prescribing for the world's monetary system, Charles de Gaulle faced a more local money problem. France last week was more than ever the land of funny money. The confusion began in 1958, when De Gaulle turned his Olympian glance on the nation's currency and found it had too much grandeur—in figures. A shoeshine, for instance, cost 100 francs, and a meal at an inexpensive restaurant 1,000.

Still Tinkering. De Gaulle's government diminished the dizzying zeros by merely shifting the decimal point two places to the left. Thus a bank note that read 1,000 was worth only ten "New Francs." There were lots of mixups. Politicians cunningly mentioned old francs when telling constituents how much the government was spending on the welfare, and then shifted to New Francs when discussing taxes.

Gradually fresh bills in New Franc denominations replaced the old bills, but the French government still kept tinkering. After only two years in circulation, the old 100 New Franc bill, showing Napoleon, was replaced by a new 100-franc bill showing the be-winged head of the 17th century poet-playwright Pierre Corneille. The Banque de France has lately displayed a preference for literary men over generals and politicians—Voltaire last year replaced Richelieu on the 10-franc note, and Racine replaced Henri IV on the 50. But Frenchmen are now complaining that the new 100-franc Corneille note is confusingly similar to the 500 note, which shows Molière. Nonsense, replied a harassed bank spokesman, Molière's curls are much fuller than Corneille's.

Easy Mistake. There was trouble about coins too. The New Franc coins issued in 1963 were the same size as those they replaced, except for the 50-centime piece, which was considered too cumbersome. It was trimmed down to within 11 millimeters of the diameter of the new 20-centime piece and to within a few grams of its weight. Frenchmen often mistook the 50- for the 20-centime piece, and they soon discovered that the 20-centime piece worked perfectly well in 50-centime vending machines, while the 50-centime worked in 1-franc machines.

The government has finally given up, is now preparing to remove the troublesome 50-centime coin and replace it with a new half-franc piece of different size. Also adding to the morale of inflation-ridden Frenchmen will be a new 10-franc piece, purposely made very heavy to give "the impression that the franc is a solid, stable currency."

* In front row, from left: Cultural Affairs Minister André Malraux, Premier Georges Pompidou, Overseas Minister Louis Jacquinot.

RUSSIA

Borrowing from the Capitalists

[See Cover]

"The economy," said Lenin, "is the main field of battle for Communism." In a fashion the old revolutionary could hardly have intended, the Soviet economy has become today a battlefield of explosive ideas that threaten nearly every precept and practice of Communism in the past generation. Whether conservatively toying their Marx or boldly advocating such heretical Western-style reforms as the primacy of profits, every important planner, *apparatchik* and economist in Russia is caught up in Communism's greatest debate since Stalin set backward Russia on its cruel—but successful—forced march into the 20th century industrial world.

Russia's flirtation with market mechanisms comes at a time of swift and startling economic change across the whole Communist-bloc spectrum. Hotel lobbies from Warsaw to Bucharest are jammed with Western businessmen scrambling to get into Communist markets. The "imperialist agents" are getting an interested reception in ways unthinkable a few years before. Negotiators for West Germany's giant Krupp empire last week were tidying up a deal to build plants in Poland that will be German-owned but will employ Polish labor, and Hungary and Rumania have expressed lively interest in similar permanent, paying capitalist boarders of their own.

Pepsi-Cola is negotiating with at least four satellite countries, and both Firestone Tire & Rubber and Universal Oil Products will build major plants in Rumania. Hardly a week goes by without the announcement of a new trade agreement between a Western nation and a member of the East bloc, typically for double the amount of previous trade. Last year commerce between East and West soared to \$9 billion—a 100% jump in seven years. In his State of the Union address, President Johnson asked the nation to explore new ways "to increase peaceful trade" with Communist countries—a goal that may well multiply twelvefold American exports to Russia alone in the next five years.

Command Economy. As the increasingly independent Eastern European satellites are opening up to the West, so they are boldly opening up their own internal economies to Western techniques. Fortnight ago, Czechoslovakia inaugurated a massive decentralization program drawn up by Prague Economics Professor Ota Sik. Except for general growth goals set by the state and controlled prices in some key sectors, each Czech factory will have wide freedom for its own development. East Germany, too, has relegated planning to groups of enterprises, freed the prices of some raw materials, is toying with profit incentives. Hungary has intro-

duced a form of profit sharing, and in a deviation from Marxist ideology unique in the bloc, has imposed an interest rate of 5% on capital. To push exports, Poland has permitted three firms to set up their own foreign-trade pipelines, bypassing Warsaw to deal directly abroad. Yugoslavia long ago created a "Socialist market economy"—relatively competitive enterprise under state ownership.

Russia itself has lagged behind the satellites in the economic shift toward Western ways. At stake is nothing less than Russia's vast "command economy," with its Kafkaesque, topheavy bureaucratic fiefdoms regulating every pulse and throb of the nation's economic engine. And though Marx never mentioned central planning and Lenin came to it only late in life, such is Stalin's historical shadow that at stake, too, are a generation of ideological maxims boastfully vaunting the superiority of Socialist planning over capitalism, the pervasive power—and perhaps the jobs—of some 10 million planners large and small, and ultimately perhaps the amenities of life of millions of ordinary Russians.

Clearly, such unsettling prospects would not even be countenanced in the Kremlin were it not for yet a grimmer vista already looming. That vista is a continuing turnabout in the Soviet growth rate, whose longtime double-figure performances led Nikita Khrushchev as recently as 1961 to assure the world that the U.S.S.R. would overtake the U.S. by 1970 as the world's mightiest economy. It has been slowing down ever since. Last week Moscow reported that industrial output grew at 7.1%, a sizable figure for a mature economy but the lowest in Russia since

1946. And each year the evidences of waste, mismanagement, inefficiency and planning gone berserk multiply.

Ukrainian Contribution. Russia's growing community of pragmatic, highly professional economists and engineers understands very clearly what has happened, and is sure that it has the cure—even if much of it has to be borrowed from the capitalists. Among the foremost is Kharkov Economics Professor Evsei Liberman, 67, whose quizzical smile masks an imperious and demanding intelligence, and who as much as any other Russian is credited by the West with initiating Russia's great debate. A stocky Ukrainian with a quick and witty command of English, Liberman is typical of Russia's new breed that has used the freedom of the post-Stalin era to correspond with and receive Western economists, is as at home in Moscow's ministries as conducting a postgraduate seminar.

The crux of their arguments for change comes down to the fact that the Soviet economy has grown too complex and sophisticated to be efficiently manipulated by pushbutton from Moscow. The economic reformers are not out to undermine Communism but to improve its efficiency. Nonetheless, the solutions they have proposed are distinctly Western: the use of profits on invested capital as the single best indicator of factory performance, flexible prices responding to the market forces of supply and demand—and, of all things, charging interest on the use of government money by shops and factories.

Sensible pragmatism or rank heresy? Khrushchev himself provided the reformers with a text, if not an answer, late in 1962, when the debate was

DRAWING BY ALAN DURN © 1966, THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.



"BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER WITH THIS PROFIT-INCENTIVE IDEA, I THINK WE SHOULD DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT WE INVENTED IT."

beginning to gather momentum. He reminded the Central Committee of "Lenin's directive that we be able, if necessary, to learn from the capitalists, to adopt whatever they have that is sensible and advantageous."

Eighteen months later, it had plainly become "necessary." Moving the debate off the pages of Pravda and into the industrial arena, Khrushchev gave the reformers a place to test their theories. Two clothing factories—Moscow's Bolshovichka and Gorky's Mayak—were cut loose to negotiate prices and sell their suits and dresses directly to 22 retail stores. The stores told the two factories what kinds of goods the consumers wanted, and the factories were

image of his political tyranny. Determined to rush the transition to industrial power that had taken the U.S. and Britain 200 years to accomplish, he turned Russia into a gigantic state corporation that ruthlessly seized every bit of excess capital it produced in order to feed it back into its heavy industries—above all, steel—which are the sinews of a modern economy. With such a single-minded goal, planning was relatively easy.

But by the time Stalin died, the economy had grown so complex that no army of planners, however large, could possibly keep up with Russia's exploding technology. And for the first time, the Soviet consumer began to have enough

Soviet planning's faults are chiefly two: too many cooks from the Supreme Economic Council on down, and more often than not the wrong recipe in 15 copies. Two months ago, a Supreme Soviet Deputy cited the example of the Izhora factory, which received no fewer than 70 different official instructions from nine state committees, four economic councils and two state planning committees—all authorized to issue Izhora production orders.

Since factory output goals are either laid down in weight or quota by the planners a knitwear plant ordered to produce 80,000 caps and sweaters naturally produced only caps; they were smaller and thus cheaper and quicker to make. A factory commanded to make lamp shades made them all orange, since sticking to one color kept the assembly line uncomplicated. Tire production one year was fixed without checking the plan for motor-vehicle output. Taxi drivers were put on a bonus system based on mileage, and soon the Moscow suburbs were full of empty taxis barreling down the boulevards to fatten their bonuses.

No Ceiling. The tonnage norms particularly piqued Khrushchev's peasant common sense. Machine builders used eight-inch plates when four-inch plates would easily have done the job. "We make the heaviest machines in the world," sighed Nikita. His choice complaint, however, had to do with a Moscow chandelier factory: the more tons of chandeliers the plant produced, the more workers earned in bonuses. The chandeliers grew heavier and heavier, until they started pulling ceilings down. They fulfilled the plan, admitted Khrushchev angrily, "but who needs this plan? To whom does it give light?"

Many able economists and engineers had long known that much of the Soviet economy was a joke, and started saying so. Typical was the protest about the construction of the Novo-Lipetsk steel mill. The plans took up 91 volumes comprising 70,000 pages, specified precisely the location of each nail, lamp or washstand—everything, in fact, except whether the project was economically sound. An engineer estimated perhaps half in jest that at the rate the paper-wafflers were multiplying, by 1980 the planning agencies might well employ every man and woman in the Soviet Union. One mathematician made the astonishing calculation that Russia's G.N.P. might well be doubled simply by cleaning up the planning mess.

Last year, in Russia's largest republic alone, deliveries of 257 factories had to be suspended because their goods simply would not be bought. Moreover, state trade organizations returned or marked down 20% of all clothing, 10% of hosiery and 9% of shoes produced. Russian refrigerator factories received 56,000 written complaints about faulty products—including refrigerators from the Baku factory lacking



KAFKAESQUE BUREAUCRACY: SCENE FROM "THE TRIAL"
To whom does it give light?

judged by the profits made on what goods were actually sold.

Bolshovichka and Mayak showed such a resounding improvement in efficiency—and such "deviationism"—that many Kremlinologists assumed they had contributed to Nikita's downfall. Not at all. One of the first acts of Premier Kosygin's new leadership was to extend the experiments. Kosygin announced that in gradual stages the new system would be spread throughout the whole of the consumer-goods industry. Last month the first 400 clothing and shoe firms scattered across Russia were authorized for the changeover—together, significantly, with 78 of their raw-material suppliers, who also had to be freed from the restrictions of the planners if the Kremlin really meant business in the reforms. Kosygin went even farther, asserting that eventually the reforms would be extended to all of Soviet industry.

The Car Urge. What the reforms seek to do is liberate the Soviet economy from the stifling economic dictatorship that Stalin imposed on it as a mirror

image of his political tyranny. Determined to rush the transition to industrial power that had taken the U.S. and Britain 200 years to accomplish, he turned Russia into a gigantic state corporation that ruthlessly seized every bit of excess capital it produced in order to feed it back into its heavy industries—above all, steel—which are the sinews of a modern economy. With such a single-minded goal, planning was relatively easy.

Hydra-Foiled. In his pursuit of "Goulash Communism," Khrushchev tried to cope with it, and with all his economy's mounting problems, by replanning the planners. No fewer than six times in ten years, he scrambled the organization table, veering from decentralization back to recentralization in the vain hope of finding the magic mix for what he called "better utilization of the country's industrial potential." It eluded him each time—and his constant shufflings left the Russian economy at the mercy of the monster planning Hydra, with its multiple overlapping bureaus on the national, regional and local level, even more than before.

refrigerant gas in their coils. As a result of the consumer's stiffening standards and an increased inclination to complain, an incredible \$3 billion worth of unsellable junk has accumulated in Soviet inventories.

The Right Man. As early as 1956, Evsei Liberman had published an article in *Kommunist* suggesting that local plant efficiency and quality could be improved by greater emphasis on profitability. For Liberman, then still an obscure scholar in a provincial school, it was merely the modest proposal of a man who knew the day-to-day problems of a plant manager.

Born in the Ukraine's Volyn in 1897, Liberman attended a *gymnasium* and took a law degree at Kiev University, went on to study engineering in Kharkov. For some 15 years he worked in various factories near by, including six years as planning chief in a large farm machinery plant. After a wartime stint in a Moscow government job, Liberman went back to the Engineering Institute in Kharkov as a teacher and part-time factory consultant, earning his doctorate in economics in 1956 and the title of professor in 1959.

The provincial professor's 1956 essay went virtually unnoticed—except by some far more influential economists in Moscow who had already been rethinking the system. Perhaps the most important was Vasily Nemchinov, a mathematical *éminence grise* regarded as the dean of Soviet economists. He saw in Liberman a potential stalking horse for all the reformers, invited him to Moscow. When in 1962 the economy's growing malaise could no longer be ignored



BEAUTY PARLOR IN MOSCOW
But the essence is different.

by the Kremlin, Nemchinov persuaded Khrushchev to give Liberman's theories a showcase in *Pravda*. On Sept. 9, 1962, Liberman's "The Plan, Profits and Bonuses" was published, and the great debate began.

What's Good for the Factory. Profits had long been used in Russia, but only as one among a dozen capriciously applied yardsticks for determining plant efficiency. Liberman urged that profit be made the prime element, arguing that "the higher the profits, the greater the incentive" to quality and efficiency. "What is good for the factory is good for the society," Liberman insisted.

One by one, other economists leaped into the fray, blasting the "cult of the plan," and insisting that plant managers be given more autonomy. The eminent Nemchinov himself, fast going blind and nearing the end of his life (he died last October at the age of 70), called for something very close to a state-owned market economy. Planning decrees would be replaced by contracts between enterprises and the government, with the lowest bidder getting a particular job—and setting its prices as a result.

Charging Interest. Except for the cardinal Red principle of state ownership of property, no part of the Soviet economic edifice was eventually spared the reformers' wrecking balls. One editor proposed abolition of Russia's 50% consumer goods tax, argued that all Soviet revenues could be derived from a profits tax, once profit was made the universal indicator. Denouncing the fact that under planning today, over one-fifth of Russia's factories operate at a subsidized loss, he urged that government funds be rechanneled into firms running in the black.

An important bureaucrat took these ideas a logical step farther, demanding an interest charge on capital and prices rooted in economic reality rather than planning fiction. Academician Vadim Trapznikov, revered in Russia as the "father of Soviet automation," threw his weight in with the reformers all

along the line, noting that "one hears the view that interest on capital is a concept of capitalistic society." Wrong, he insisted. "In fact, the form here is identical, but the essence is different."

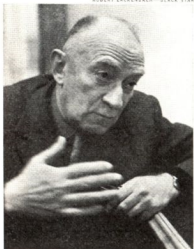
Lost: 500,000 Days. It was by no means only economists who poured through the breach that Liberman had opened. The manager of a giant construction complex even went so far as to use the phrase "supply and demand" in pleading for a freewheeling open market for consumer goods, admitting that it would necessitate major reliance on that old capitalist technique of market research by firms. A director of Odessa's Red October Plant wrote to *Pravda* that the machine-tool industry in the Black Sea area was working at less than three-fourths the capacity called for in the plan. The reason, he complained acridly, was the "host of directives" from the planners, which caused "insurmountable barriers and innumerable hindrances." Leningrad managers complained that they lost 500,000 man-days of work during 1964 running back and forth to Moscow to get decisions from central planners.

Liberman himself passed on a foundry's complaint that it lost \$11,100 worth of metal because its plan would not permit an additional outlay of \$2,500 for salvage workers. In another instance, the plan specifies that workers at the Victory Candy Factory (1964 quota: 5,460 tons) at Vilna, in Lithuania, wear sanitary white smocks and caps at all times. Though they handle each piece of candy at least four times, nowhere are they asked to wash their hands. So absurd have planning's excesses grown that even some of the planners themselves were converted to the reformers' cause. One regional planner complained angrily that his bosses had amended his 1962 Voronezh *sovnarkhoz* plan 133 times within nine months.

Great Dangers. To the entrenched planners and old-line ideologues, such prerevolutionary criticisms were a



TEEN-AGE FASHION SHOW
The form is identical.



ECONOMIST LIBERMAN
Pragmatism or heresy?

screaming red flag, and soon ordered rebuttals began to fill the columns of the press. "If we give up centralized planning of salaries, work production, production costs, investments," complained the prestigious Academy of Sciences' Kirill Plotnikov, "we give up regulation by the state of the most important parts of the economy—in fact, of economic planning. This path is full of great dangers."

"The aim of socialist production is not to make a profit!" objected one critic. "Lenin put forward the principle of organization against *laissez-faire* and *petit bourgeois* negligence," said another, "against opportunism and anarchy, liquidatorism, dumping." Amen, cried Academician Fedorenko: "We must never forget that unique economic 'planification' which is centralized is one of the great victories of the socialist regime. We must not weaken but improve central planning."

A Strange Utopia. For support, many of those who resist the Liberman philosophy are allying themselves with Russia's computer specialists, who argue that central planning can be saved by the use of modern machines.

Solving the equation of the Soviet economy would clearly be a computer expert's supreme triumph, since it would involve programming some 50 million unknowns and 5,000,000 constants all in motion. The Kremlin has endowed a Central Economic-Mathematical Institute to explore the feasibility of a network of 50 key computer stations across the U.S.S.R. linked to a "Big Daddy" blinker in Moscow. Presumably the monster would constantly engorge raw data on the economy at the local level, process it in Moscow, and electronically burp prices and other economic orders back to the provinces.

This Orwellian vision draws scalding scorn from the liberal economists. "Do you mathematicians expect to be able to see from the main computing cen-

ter," asks Ivan Malyshev, deputy chief of the Central Statistical Administration, "all our vast territory from the cold rocks of Murmansk to the flaming sun of Kolkhida in the Caucasus, to see how people sow and reap, how every chemical complex functions, how every machine operates? If something goes wrong in Khabarovsk, can you merely press a button and straighten things out? A strange utopia. Society is not the sum of mathematical zeros and digits. It is a living, creative body."

No Sides. Though Khrushchev permitted these polemics to take place, he probably never fully understood what the argument was all about. Still, he let the reformers start their experiments in the Bolshevichka and Mayak factories.

Escaping from the plan at first proved an unsettling business for the two firms. Despite Moscow's explicit authorization, many of the suppliers were suspicious—and unwilling to guarantee delivery dates in advance. Stores, however, were delighted at last to be able to order what their customers wanted with the reasonable certainty that they would get it, and get it on time.

Orders in hand, Bolshevichka and Mayak set their own production schedules, decided how many workers would be needed to do the job. Profits were pegged only to what their stores could actually sell, and worker piece-rate bonuses were accordingly awarded for quality. To get a better reading of consumer tastes, Bolshevichka set up its own shoppers' clinic. Within six months, both profits and quality had soared and, of critical interest to the Kremlin, inventories were sharply reduced: the turnover of Bolshevichka and Mayak goods in the retail stores was speeded up by some three weeks.

Bolshevichka today gleams with pride: flowers adorn each work table, the walls are freshly painted and adorned with photographs of its workers shaking hands with Party bigwigs, who arrive in ever increasing numbers

to see the miracle that has come to pass. To one and all, beaming Director Petr Noskov reports that Bolshevichka's profit margin has risen to 7%, that the average pay is up from \$94 a month to \$110, and that the factory is now making better suits at a cheaper price (\$85 v. \$96) and are (oh, that Capitalist idiom) "selling like hot cakes."

McNamaraish. Now, at the top of all this, stands Premier Aleksei Kosygin, a trained economist, widely and well-traveled in Western economies. Far more at home with a balance sheet—or a Western businessman—than with the shadow-boxing of Leninist theology, Kosygin has long been the whiz kid of the Communist bureaucracy (at 44 he was the youngest member of the Politburo). Now 60, he probably understands the Soviet economy better than any man alive, and with his pragmatic, McNamaraish fetish for efficiency, took the part of the reformers even under Khrushchev. If any Communist leader can turn the experiments into the law of the land, it is Kosygin. The cautious, rational, step-by-step method he has adopted in extending them is in itself an encouraging sign, points out U.S. Economist Marshall Goldman, who has made a careful study of the Soviet economic controversy. "They had to make changes," he adds. "If they had not, the economy would have gone straight down. It was really more a question of saving the economy than simply strengthening it."

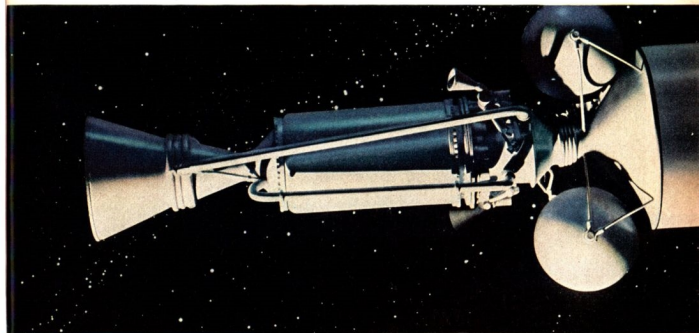
If, under Kosygin, Esei Liberman is at all surprised to find himself at least nominally in the vanguard of modern Communism's potentially most far-reaching reform, he shows no sign of discomfort in the role. Although he retired formally two years ago, he still teaches three classes a week in the Kharkov University skyscraper overlooking Dzerzhinsky Square. When asked if he tries to inculcate his students with notions of profitability, he smiles and says, "Yes, but very care-



ECONOMIST NEMCHINOV
Decrees or contracts?



Atomic rocket reactor successfully test fired by Westinghouse



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fully: I say that it is my opinion, but there are many objections. I explain them all, and the students draw their own conclusions."

"Stop-Go." Nor are his days of experiment at an end. Last month Liberman was in Lvov, explaining his theories to the Town Economic Council, which has been authorized to make the first area (as opposed to industry) test of the "profit incentive." Lvov is of particular interest because the five industries in the test include a coal mine and a mobile-hoist manufacturing plant—the reformers' first venture outside the confines of light industry. Liberman stoutly denies that Western capitalism has had any influence on his theories, and has referred to Western reporting of his work as "capitalistic" as the work of "the snipes in the swamp." But he plainly follows with careful interest what is written in the West about the great debate, promptly fires off tart letters to editors in excellent English if he has any quarrel with the interpretation.

Whatever the final outcome of the debate, the fact that it has taken place at all in such frankness and freedom is remarkable testimony to how far Russia has come since Stalin. Some Sovietologists think the enemies of the reform are simply biding their time, confident that sooner or later the experiments are bound to cause economic dislocation that will force a retrenchment. For the new system to really work, the Kremlin will have to eventually free prices. And then unemployment may result, which no Soviet regime is likely to tolerate. Goldman thinks that progress will likely be on a "stop-go" basis, a little at a time to permit the economy to adjust to the wrenching changes that the switch from a command economy will inevitably entail.

Liberman admits as much. "It is clear that, at first, shortcomings will turn up in the course of practical application; that people will surely rail at the system and its authors, and that people will say it must be abolished and thrown out immediately," he told a group of fellow economists. "I foresee all this, but if we economists work together in a united front, go through the painful period of the introduction of the new system together and do not panic, we will be performing a good service in building the technical base of Communism."

Ad Men? Technical base for Communism or not, there is no escaping the fact that having in effect posted a suggestion box, the Kremlin has found Pandora's name on it. Last month a Moscow economist proposed that the profit motive even be extended to agriculture, Russia's perennially insoluble problem. Last week in *Trud*, a trade official named Lazukov suggested that Russians should learn to advertise capitalist-style, with TV commercials, trailers in movie houses, and professional Madison Ave-

nue men. *Izvestia* recently lamented that while the U.S. has 50 university-level business-management schools, Russia has none. Though the Russians insist none of this has anything to do with capitalism—at least in "essence"—the fact remains that Peking, which once complained that Russia was fast turning into "capitalism without capitalists," is now taunting Moscow for its "capitalism with capitalists."

Liberman is of course right in insisting that he is not ushering in "capitalism"—that dirty word the Communists have never really understood for all their ranting against it. But the current search for incentives to get the Russian economy moving again is nonetheless an eloquent testimony to the failure of one of Communism's cardinal creeds: that the profit motive is wrong and evil, and unnecessary in running a society. People, insists Marxism, can be made to work like soldiers—or saints—solely for the good of the state. The great debate, whatever comes of it, has demonstrated that this is simply not so; that given a chance, man does not want to live by slogan alone.

100 Flowers? Western experts differ widely on how far Russian economic reform can go, and what it means. "I think this is a permanent reform," says Pennsylvania's Herbert Levine, "except for a major outside political event. I don't expect that there will be an easy retrenchment to a central economy." But Stanford's Roger Freeman insists that it is "only a period—like China's 100-flowers period. It may appear to open up the Soviet Union, but eventually it must die."

Others suspect some sort of balance will be struck: "Within carefully defined limits," says the Rand Corporation's Sovietologist Abraham Becker, "the consumer will be allowed to determine the major part of his buying habits. But the central planners will still set the limits as they see fit." Still, he admits, "it would not be beyond the realm of possibility that Soviet society would resemble Yugoslavia's within ten years." State Department experts, however, tend to take the view that, since "the new experiments inherently mean curtailment of the control of Party members," sooner or later it will become a political issue—and the experiments will be scrapped, just as NEP, Communism's first essay in capitalism from 1921 to 1927, was dismantled by the political commissars.

Erosion Elsewhere. Perhaps the most hopeful analysis for the West of Communism's great debate comes from Harvard's respected Soviet Analyst Abram Bergson. "This is a shift toward pragmatism—an erosion of doctrine in economic affairs. It might be argued that erosion of doctrine in economic affairs could lead to erosion of other Communist doctrines. For it enhances the spread of pragmatism into politics, and thus into foreign policy."



MWAMI MWAMBUTSA

Next on the assassination list?

BURUNDI

A Lesson of Sorts

Dawn was breaking as a trio of trucks and Jeeps rolled into the grounds of the Red Chinese embassy in Burundi's lake-side capital of Bujumbura. Steel-helmeted Burundi troops stood by, watching rows of Chinese stagger out of the low, grey stucco building carrying luggage and huge bundles of documents. Then Peking's Ambassador Liu Yu-feng and his wife glumly entered a black Mercedes for the trip to the airport, where an Ethiopian Airways DC-6 stood waiting. The airport porters were most emphatically ordered not to touch so much as a suitcase handle as the Chinese loaded their 2½ tons of luggage aboard the waiting plane. Thus, in less than an hour, did Red China



AMBASSADOR LIU (LEFT CENTER) IN BURUNDI
Suitcases on the outbound plane.



ROYAL PROCESSION ENTERS ADDIS ABABA

Flea powder for the lions, walt for the Queen, and not a word about what happened to Theodore.



ELIZABETH & HAILE SELASSIE

abandon its most successful forward base for subversion in black Africa.

"The Group." As the plane winged off toward Cairo, Western diplomats in the tiny African mountain kingdom breathed a sigh of relief. So did Burundi's ruler, Mwami Mwambutsa IV, 53, who four days earlier had ordered the Chinese Communists to leave. The Mwami had ample reason to be angry. No sooner had Peking established a mission in Bujumbura, in January 1964, than Chinese money began to flow into the pockets of Burundi ministers and politicians. The Reds quickly allied themselves with discontented Watutsi refugees from neighboring Rwanda, inflaming their irredentist cause with propaganda and even arms. Chinese sympathizers were soon so numerous in the 64-member National Assembly that they became known locally as "The Group." At one of the Mwami's diplomatic receptions, Ambassador Liu brazenly walked up to the monarch and began talking. Stiffly, the Mwami refused Liu by saying: "I speak only to ambassadors who know French."

On another occasion, the Chinese showed up at the local Catholic cathedral and settled into one of the front pews, chortling among themselves during Mass. When the worried Mwami ordered all embassy staffs cut to eight foreign nationals, Liu disdainfully ignored him, maintaining that most of his 16-man staff was made up of drivers, cooks and household personnel.

The Boot. The climax came when Premier Pierre Ngendandumwe, a moderate appointed by the Mwami to check Chinese influence, was assassinated only nine hours after naming his government (TIME, Jan. 22). Though the Chinese were not directly tied to the killing, most of the 25 persons later arrested were members of The Group

and sympathetic to the Chinese line. Moreover, there was evidence that the Mwami was next on the assassination list. With that, Mwambutsa IV decided that discretion was the better part of diplomacy: he gave Ambassador Liu the boot. Though the Chinese expulsion was defined as "momentary," and Peking may very well return to the sunny shores of Bujumbura, the Mwami clearly had learned a lesson of sorts.

ETHIOPIA

A Wing on the Palace

In an age of rockets and revolution, monarchy rarely receives its due. Not so last week in the mountainous realm of His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia. The Lion of Judah knows how to roll out a red carpet—and indeed when Queen Elizabeth II's bellowing VC-10 jetliner appeared over Addis Ababa last week, an Ethiopian army truck was still nudging its way through the airport crowd with yards and yards of the stuff.

Potholes Paved. There was only one word for all the preparations for Elizabeth's eight-day visit: imperial. Haile Selassie knew that it was the Queen's first call in East Africa since her father, King George VI, died in 1952 while Elizabeth was visiting Kenya's Royal Aberdare Game Preserve. As if to ease the memory of that painful experience, the Emperor had paved the potholed road from the capital to the British embassy compound on the outskirts of Addis, set 600 laborers to work planting trees and laying acres of sod to tidy up the city's new, U.S.-financed, \$2,500,000 Municipal Center.

The Emperor added an entire wing to his splendid Jubilee Palace so that Elizabeth and her entourage of 31 could be properly housed. Meanwhile,

fire engines roared through town hanging royal portraits from every lamp-post. The Emperor's lions, which usually roam the palace grounds unattended, were hosed down, dusted with flea powder, and chained tight to avoid embarrassment.

Precarious Trail. The tour itself went off like African clockwork. Delays were commonplace. Vast crowds surged around Elizabeth and Prince Philip as they were whirled through Addis in the Emperor's Rolls-Royce, which broke down only once. At one point they transferred to the silken cab of a green and scarlet imperial coach pulled by a team of six Lippizaner horses. They dined on lamb, walt (Ethiopia's excellent meat and vegetable stew), tedj—a honey-based mead—and Taitinger champagne. The imperial touch was also present when Elizabeth journeyed over the dusty plain to Asmara, where she was greeted by dancing spearsmen and was delightfully dive-bombed by an Ethiopian army plane. The bomb load was flower petals.

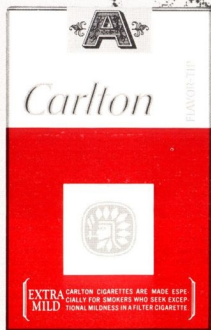
Elizabeth visited the Wingate School, named for Britain's mystical guerrilla leader Major General Orde Wingate, whose troops had liberated Ethiopia from Italian occupation in 1941 and permitted Haile Selassie to return home from his London exile. The Queen also visited Gondar and hiked a mile up a precarious mountain trail to look out over Tisat Falls, a breathtaking scene near the source of the Blue Nile. Less than a century ago, a 32,000-man British force under Sir Robert Napier had crossed the same kind of trails (along with some 30,000 beasts of burden, including 45 elephants) to defeat Haile Selassie's famous predecessor, Emperor Theodore. Quite naturally, none of that imperial adventuring was recalled last week.

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THE HEMISPHERE

PANAMA

Canal Hitch

When President Johnson announced last December that the U.S. would dig a new sea-level canal connecting the Atlantic and Pacific, the obvious location seemed to be Panama, probably 125 miles southeast of the old canal. Last week a U.S. delegation led by Assistant Secretary of State Thomas C. Mann returned from preliminary talks with the Panamanians, and the report was discouraging. As one U.S. spokesman put it: "Our Government will nev-



MANN & VALENCIA

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er build the new canal where it would mean 50 more years of conflict."

Genuine Service. The U.S. is prepared to spend up to \$2 billion on the project. It does not demand absolute sovereignty, will welcome international or inter-American administration of the waterway. For its money, the U.S. will insist that the canal be a genuine public service to the world, operated, as is the present canal, on the basis of guaranteed access without discrimination for all nations at fixed, reasonable rates. Panama would profit from a major share of the tolls and a powerful voice in the administration, to say nothing of greater trade, tourism, and a dozen other benefits. But Panamanians do not quite see it that way.

Panama's nationalists have long been rabidly convinced that the U.S. reaps enormous profits from the old canal. The facts: toll rates have not been raised since 1914; the canal grossed \$68 million last year, barely enough to cover expenses; in 50 years, the U.S.

has not yet amortized the \$380 million original cost. Nevertheless, the nationalists view the present canal as a Panamanian "natural resource," and that attitude guides even such able men as President Marco Robles and Foreign Minister Fernando Eleita. Their position, at least as an opening gambit: they will agree to a new canal only if the U.S. eventually turns it over to Panama, to be run as a profit-earning toll road, charging as much as the traffic will bear.

Moral Responsibility. Moreover, the Panamanians insist that no matter what happens with the new canal, the U.S. has a "moral and legal responsibility" to continue operating the old canal. Said one perplexed U.S. official: "First they make an issue over the U.S. not having 'sovereignty in perpetuity' over the canal. Then, after all the talk of getting rid of us, they say that we are morally obligated to remain in Panama under the 'perpetuity' clause to keep the canal going as a business operation for the Panamanians. Now that is an absurd contradiction."

The U.S. is anxious to get on with the project. The old canal will be swamped by traffic within 35 years, and a new route must be chosen soon. Outside of Panama, there are two possible routes under consideration: one through Costa Rica and Nicaragua; the other through Colombia. In the preliminary talks, the top men in Nicaragua and Costa Rica, as well as Colombia's Guillermo León Valencia, were anxious to negotiate. The U.S. is not presenting Panama with any ultimatums, but it hopes that the country will soon decide where its true interests lie.

COLOMBIA

General Unrest

Cabinet ministers come and go in the government of President Guillermo León Valencia, 55, and Colombians generally pay little attention. Last week one minister who had been loyal with Valencia for 2½ years was out of a job, and the country was agog.

He was Army General Alberto Ruiz Novoa, 48, Colombia's war minister and its most compelling public figure (TIME, Dec. 11). Commander of Colombia's small force in the Korean War, he established a reputation as a reformer in uniform after Valencia brought him into the Cabinet in 1962. At the time, the country was plagued by poverty-fed badlands banditry that had been going on unabated for more than a decade. Ruiz Novoa initiated a program of civic action by the army to help peasants improve their lot. He also reorganized Colombia's army into what is today South America's most effective anti-guerrilla force, managed to reduce

the bandits to the status of a mere nuisance.

Blunt Talk. All this made him powerfully popular—and increasingly talkative. In his blunt way, he began to criticize the government in unmilitary speeches. Agrarian reform was moving too slowly, he said. There was no national purpose. Pressure groups of the aristocracy were hindering progress. The country badly needed "an immediate social-economic revolution."

Lately, rumors have been going around Bogotá that Ruiz Novoa was planning a coup—though he vehemently denied it. The opportunity was supposed to be a general strike called by the unions to protest a broad new sales tax. But the strike, attempted two weeks ago, fizzled completely, and Valencia used the occasion to fire his contentious war minister, charging that Ruiz Novoa's policies were splitting the armed forces. Into his place went General Gabriel Rebeiz Pizarro, 49, second man in the military hierarchy and the one who made the charges against his boss to Valencia.

Now to the People? Few Colombians believe that they have heard the last from the ousted general. After he was cashiered, a group of officers pleaded with him to lead a coup against the government. Ruiz Novoa turned them down with a lecture on democracy. Colombia's Social Christian Democrats have offered to make him their candidate in the 1966 presidential elections, and other anti-government parties are talking of a Ruiz Novoa coalition. He has not yet chosen his political affiliation, but that is only a formality he seems certain to fulfill. Wrote the general in a letter to a friend last week: "The people have asked me not to abandon the fight."

CHILE

Hammer-&Nail Corps

Chile's imaginative new President Eduardo Frei may not be able to get a single key bill through his lame-duck Congress, but he has certainly stirred the country's youth to unaccustomed activities. To help make good his election promise of "no child without a school," Frei has recruited an unpaid hammer-and-nail corps of 1,500 university students to build schools in out-of-the-way places that have rarely seen a government mission of any kind. Local communities provide building materials, plus food and lodging for the student workers. The students expect to complete 100 classrooms during the present two-month vacation period and another 100 during the July break. Next year Frei hopes to recruit half of Chile's 20,000 university students as vacation volunteers.



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PEOPLE

From West Berlin's bleak Spandau Prison, an all but forgotten voice was heard. It belonged to **Rudolf Hess**, 70, who in May 1941, when he was Hitler's Deputy Führer, flew from Germany to Scotland on a bizarre mission. He begged the British to make peace, but all he did was force Hitler to denounce him as insane, and land himself in a British jail. Hess was sent to Spandau after being convicted of war crimes at Nürnberg, and over the years rumors of madness cropped up again, fed by his refusal to see visitors. His lawyer, whom he finally summoned last week, said that Hess is sane. He wanted to make his will and be assured that his wife and son have adequate means.

"I've found joy in anonymity," purred onetime Presidential Press Secretary **Pierre Salinger**, 39, taking a moment from his \$35,000-a-year job as vice president of California's National General Corp. to detail all "the nice things about leaving public life." That was Monday. On Wednesday he confirmed that he was back in politics as head of a Democratic fund-raising outfit called the Golden Bears, where he had to deal with one of the not-so-nice things about public life: the little matter of a \$225,000 debt spent while losing the senatorial election to George Murphy.

Comparison shopping is the housewife's sole-searing equivalent of a bureaucrat's requesting sealed bids from competing contractors. But there are times when something gets lost in the translation, as **Mary Scranton**, 46, wife

of Pennsylvania's Republican Governor, found to her sorrow when she submitted a \$1,554 bill to the state for some rust-patterned draperies made for her husband's reception room by a Harrisburg decorator. "Absolutely illegal," sniffed the auditor general, a Democrat, refusing to pay on grounds that she hadn't asked for sealed bids. "A bargain is a bargain, and politics is politics," retorted Mary in a note posted in the capitol pressroom. How right you both are, Governor Bill tactfully concluded and, since he may have to ante up himself, vetoed plans by CBS-TV to screen the draperies for its viewers.

Four-year-olds are loathsome on the slopes. Down the steepest, iciest trails they schuss, knees straight, skis two feet apart—and they never seem to fall



PRINCE REZA
Shah's schusser.

down. (How can they, with a center of gravity only inches from the snow?) Nonetheless, adult snow bunnies, floundering out of their sitzmarks on the Abe Ali slopes of the Zagros Mountains, 42 miles from Teheran, cast a friendly eye on one four-year-old skiing in the brilliant sunshine. After all, he was the son of the Shah of Iran, **Crown Prince Reza**.

Okinawa is no tourist paradise, but womanly **Norma Reich**, 36, who arrived there Oct. 19 from Manhattan to see her husband, a major in the 3rd Marine Division, likes him so much that she wants to stay there. Try telling that to the Marines, who (unlike the Army and the Navy) regard Okinawa as a combat-ready assignment and limit dependents' visits to 60 days. So Norma took her 60, then flew to Japan and bounced back on a 60-day tourist visa that expires Feb. 12. The leathernecks are getting pretty chafed about it, but Norma is determined to stay. She even bearded the Marines' Pacific commander, **Lieut. General Victor Krulak**, 52 (known fondly to his staff as "The



MRS. REICH & KRULAK
Beast's bearder.

Brute" and "The Beast"), when he visited the island, stepping out from behind a bush and introducing the third Reich, her six-year-old son David. "You are a good man," said beauty to the beast. "I was wondering if you could help me stay here." Er, um, muttered the hapless brute. Give him Montezuma any time.

Ranking high on the Harvard dean's list, despite an arduous major in "history and lit," the boy might have aimed for an academic calling like, say, teaching. Instead, he apparently prefers journalism, spent last summer legging it on the Winston-Salem Journal & Sentinel, and now takes over as president of the daily Harvard Crimson, following in the footsteps of such well-known Harvard men as Franklin Delano Roosevelt ('04) and Cleveland Amory ('36). He might even do moderately well in newspapers, since he is **Donald E. Graham**, 19, eldest son of Katherine Graham, president of the Washington Post, and the late Philip Graham.

Nanorchestes antarcticus, a species of pink mite discovered recently near the South Pole, needs no fur at all to keep warm. But Manhattan's **Mary Sanford**, wife of Socialite Stephen ("Laddie") Sanford, winters at Palm Beach, and Florida this year has been chilly enough to turn even the minks pink. "Your jacket seems to have picked up a glow from your ruby necklace," Laddie remarked brightly to his wife at Palm Beach's Poinciana Playhouse, whereupon he learned that his wife's genuinely rosy wrap was the harbinger of a new fad for pink mink. The skins of the specially mutated minks cost quite a mite (\$400 per pelt, and a coat takes 60 pelts), which the average married Homo sapiens may find rather a high level of evolutionary development.



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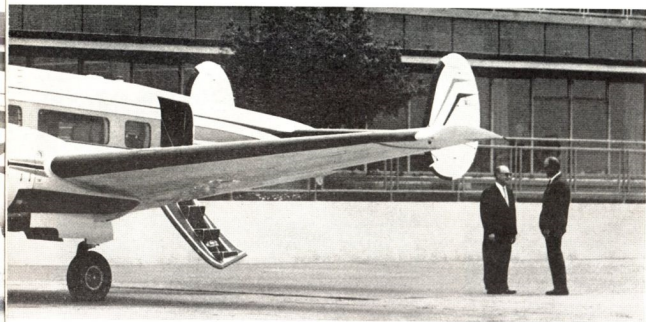


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CHUVALO & PATTERSON AFTER THE FIGHT
The china didn't crack.

PRIZEFIGHTING

"I Was Wrong!"

Cassius Clay looks ahead. Not to his next \$1,000,000, of course; that is already assured if Sonny Liston can only learn how to drive a Cadillac in a straight line. But after Liston, what? Champion Clay thought he had just the thing: Canada's George Chuvalo, 27, a slabsided, 208-lb. heavyweight who had won 29 out of 39 fights, 23 by knockouts. Chuvalo seemed to be a press-agent's dream: broken-nosed, granite-chinned, he had never been knocked off his feet ("Belt him in the face," said one admirer, "and all he does is spit"), spent his spare time chopping wood and reading Freud. All he needed was a victory last week over ex-champ Floyd Patterson—and a lot of publicity.

White Hope. Clay handled the publicity himself. He touted Chuvalo as "the white hope," nicknamed him "The Washerwoman" for his rough, free-swinging style. Patterson was "The Rabbit"; Cassius went so far as to visit his training camp and present him with a bunch of carrots. The campaign worked like a charm: every one of Madison Square Garden's 18,400 seats was sold three days before the fight, and sidewalk scalpers were getting \$10 for standing-room tickets. Closed-circuit TV carried the fight to 51 cities across the U.S. and Canada—with Clay doing the between-rounds commentary (at a fee of \$10,000). Odds makers favored Patterson at 7 to 5, but Cassius left no doubt where his money was riding: "Chuvalo by a knockout in five," he predicted.

It took him only one round to find a brand-new challenger. Discredited as he was by two quick knockouts at the hands of Sonny Liston, Floyd Patterson, 30, is still one of the most interesting fighters ever to climb into a ring: a problem child, a moody, monkish man who at 21 became the youngest heavyweight champion ever, without even becoming a real heavyweight. Floyd weighed 182½ lbs. when he knocked out Archie Moore in 1956; for last week's fight he weighed 197½ lbs.,

the heaviest of his career—and the bulge of fat around his middle was obvious. He had also been taking ultrasonic treatments for a sore knuckle on his left hand. But in the first round he bloodied Chuvalo's nose; in the second, he unleashed a series of six straight combination punches that buckled Chuvalo's knees; in the fourth, he raised a nasty mouse under Chuvalo's eye, and went on to box rings around the plodding Canadian. At ringside, Clay shouted into his microphone: "I was wrong! I was wrong! Floyd is fighting just the way I fought Liston! He's a real threat to my title."

Bloody Welts. Only the referee had it close at the final bell after twelve rounds. But he voted for Patterson, 6 to 5 (one even), and the judges made it unanimous by a wide margin. Patterson had been rocked by solid punches to the head; the skin around his kidneys was covered with bloody welts. "I kept telling myself, 'You can't be knocked out, you can't be knocked out,'" he said afterward. He talked longingly about a title fight with Clay and another shot at Liston, and chided sportswriters who predicted that Chuvalo would put him down as soon as he tapped him on his china chin. "I proved that I could take a punch much better than you gentlemen gave me credit for," he said. "I would say that I am deserving of a chance to fight Cassius Clay for the heavyweight title. And if I didn't feel that I could win it, I wouldn't be fighting."

Could Patterson beat Clay? Or Liston? Maybe not. But he had at least won his right to one more big payday.

PAUL SCHUTZER—LIFE



CHRISTINE GOITSCHTEL

The Premier couldn't guess.

SKIING

The Comma & the Fullback

A fellow who claims to know about such things estimates that of the 425,000 girl babies born in France in 1963, at least 10,000 were named Brigitte. (Frenchmen are wishful thinkers too.) But fashions in names change as fast as fashions in frocks, and the favorites now are Marielle and Christine—which ought to send a shudder through every haute couture salon in Paris.

Marielle and Christine Goitschel believe in long johns, stretch pants, and woolly sweaters. Naturally. They spend most of their time in places where the snow is 6 ft. deep and the temperature is 15°. Marielle is 19, Christine is 20, and they are the best female skiers in the world.

Last year they turned the Winter Olympics at Innsbruck, Austria into a French family affair. Christine won the special slalom, beating Marielle by .91 sec. Then Marielle came zipping down the slopes to win the giant slalom, edging Christine and the U.S.'s Jean Sauher, went on to take the overall women's combined championship (special slalom, giant slalom, downhill). This year the sisters have polished their act. In six international meets so far, they have each won the special slalom twice. Marielle also has one giant slalom victory to her credit, as well as four combined titles.

Breaking Bones. The girls have been skiing since 1949, when their parents left the French Riviera to open a small pension in the Alpine village of Val-d'Isère. By the time Marielle was 14 and

KEYSTONE



MARIELLE ON THE SLOPE

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Christine was 15, they were on the French national team. Christine's record was unspectacular until 1964, when she won a big slalom victory in Germany on her way to the Olympics. Almost from the start, Marielle was the star: in 1962, at 16, she astonished everyone by winning the women's combined title in the world championships at Chamonix.

The sisters could hardly be more dissimilar—on or off the slopes. Christine's skiing form is immaculate: body bent in the classic "comma" position, skis and poles perfectly controlled, she is the picture of grace as she zigzags through the slalom gates, rarely even brushing the marker poles. Bah, snorts Marielle. "Skiing beautifully is an unimportant matter"—and she attacks a slalom course like a fullback, flailing furiously with her poles, bowling over the gates, diving headlong across the finish line. Her hell-bent style has its disadvantages: Marielle has broken her left leg three times—while Christine has never broken a bone. But slow down? Never. "Sometimes, after I have skied particularly well, I think that I am not capable of going any faster," Marielle says. "Then, a few days later, I do even better. But that's life—*n'est-ce pas?*"

Heroine & Haymaker. Sturdy (5 ft. 7 in., 141 lbs.), freckled, blithely irreverent, Marielle has been called "*La Zazie of the Snow*"—after the irrepressible heroine of *Zazie dans le Métro*, a bestselling novel and movie. Frenchmen are still chuckling over the Austrian cop who got into an argument with her coach, Henri Bonnet, at Innsbruck last year; Marielle uncorked a haymaker square on the point of his chin. And then there was the unnerving experience of Premier Georges Pompidou, who lunched with Marielle after the Olympics. Mlle. Goitschel started things off by making the V for Victory sign, bellowing "*Vive le ski! Vive la France!*" and singing a chorus of *La Marseillaise*. Then she announced that she was engaged to be married. "To whom?" the Premier inquired politely. Said Marielle, blowing a kiss: "To you!" Later, she confided to admiring newsmen that "I like Pompidou, but I prefer De Gaulle."

She likes to drive fast cars ("The M.G. is a fine auto, and besides, it has the right initials"), bedevil teammates with practical jokes, and regale strangers with her schoolgirl knowledge of geography. "What state are you from?" she once demanded of an American passerby on the street in France. "New Jersey," he replied. "Ah," intoned Marielle. "The capital of New Jersey is Trenton." She breaks training for an occasional cigarette or a glass of wine, and already is making plans for a round-the-world trip when she "retires"—after the 1968 Olympics. "I want to make way for youth," says Marielle. "Of course, I'll only be 22½ years old then myself."



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MEDICINE

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

The Still Common Cold

When President Johnson fell ill, it was "an upper respiratory infection." Last week, as more Washington bigwigs fell prey to swarming viruses, Washington gossip dubbed the disease "executive flu" and blamed its spread on too many people being crammed into tight spaces—such as the White House dance floor. To most victims, the trouble remains an unglorified bad cold. By any name, and of whatever severity, it is still a mystery.

Sir Christopher Andrewes has spent most of his virologist's life studying the ailment, and in a new book just published in London, *The Common Cold* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 25 s.), An-

out in the rain, got drenched, and then sat around in a cold room. Volunteers had to use paper tissues instead of handkerchiefs, and keep count of each tissue. Some of Sir Christopher's findings: ▶ Determining whether a person even has a cold is no easy matter. Some people naturally have runnier noses than others. (Fever or severe sore throat would indicate another respiratory infection—not a common cold.) As good an index as any proved to be the number of tissues used: five to ten a day for someone with a mild cold. The record was 165.

▶ There is no single common-cold virus. There are scores of such viruses,

tend to find "proof" that their own pet precautions really work. Useful vaccines may eventually be developed, but the difficulty is that there are too many cold viruses to put them all in one vaccine. What is needed is something like the influenza vaccine, a combination of the strains known to be prevalent at a given place and time. For the present, even that type cold vaccine is beyond the skill of the virologists.

As for remedies, says Sir Christopher, one can only face the fact that they are merely "treatments to make you feel better while you are getting better."

PSYCHIATRY

Homosexuals Can Be Cured

One reason why homosexuals are so rarely cured is that they rarely try treatment. Too many of them actually believe that they are happy and satisfied the way they are. Another reason, says Philadelphia's Dr. Samuel B. Hadden, is that too many psychiatrists are still inhibited by the 45-year-old pessimism of Freud, who was convinced that the condition was discouragingly difficult to treat. Even when psychiatrists do try to aid homosexuals, their efforts are likely to be ineffectual because they themselves have so little confidence of success. Both patients and doctors are wrong, Dr. Hadden told the American Group Psychotherapy Association in San Francisco last week.

Male homosexuals,⁹ he said, are more treatable and curable than is generally believed. And the people who are the most effective therapists are other homosexuals who have been under treatment for a while. As a psychiatrist actively practicing group therapy for the treatment of neurotics and psychotics of all sorts, Dr. Hadden, 64, marshaled impressive evidence to support his case.

▶ **No Gay Clothes.** Back in 1937, Dr. Hadden tried introducing homosexuals into a group of heterosexual patients. The homosexuals sensed the hostility of the others and soon dropped out. Ten years ago, Dr. Hadden had enough patients of better-than-average education to start an all-homosexual group of three. They had already accepted Dr. Hadden as a sympathetic figure, and felt no hostility toward him or from him. Secure in their own in-group, the men soon convinced one another of the medical fact that homosexuality is not a physiological condition present at birth but an emotional maladjustment resulting from reactions to childhood experiences. They talked little about the physical aspects of their abnormal sex life but concentrated on the psychological and social aspects. Some quit jobs that they had taken to be with

⁹ Dr. Hadden has never had enough female homosexual patients to form a group. "In general," he says, "the females are far less unhappy than the men, and are under less social pressure."

PRESS ASSOCIATION



VOLUNTEERS GETTING ANDREWES' VIRUSES

drawes sums up what is known about the disease. He concludes that even the name is dubious. "That it is common admits of no dispute. But why cold? Is it because we feel chilly when we have a cold or because chilling brings it on (or is supposed to do so) or because the infection is commoner during the cold time of the year?"

Probing for answers at the Common Cold Research Unit at Harvard Hospital (named for a World War II U.S. project) near Stonehenge, Dr. Andrewes set up an ingenious scheme for testing much of the folklore about colds, and for doing highly technical virology in a search for preventives and cures. Volunteer couples, including several newlyweds, were invited to spend ten free days in the hospital's small guest apartments; they even got cigarette money. But in return, they had to submit to some chilling experiments.

Nearly all the volunteers had a liquid dripped into their nostrils. Sometimes it was a suspension, presumably containing a virus, derived from the mucus of other volunteers who had in fact had colds. Sometimes it was a plain saline solution. Not even the doctors knew which it was until after the test. Some subjects agreed to take hot showers, then stand around in a cold corridor without drying themselves. Others went



VIROLOGIST ANDREWES

The older you are, the fewer you get.

and many (but not necessarily all) are in a distinct class called rhinoviruses.

▶ Except for chimpanzees, animals do not catch human colds. Cats get dreadful colds, and some from rhinoviruses—"but cat rhinoviruses, not human ones."

▶ Chilling has little if anything to do with a person's developing a cold. Presumably resistance to the virus is a factor, but how it works is not known.

▶ Some colds are not catching at all, and no one knows how they get started. Others are most catching in the early stages (almost the only item of folklore confirmed by scientific research). They are spread by sneezing and coughing, though a handkerchief promptly and properly used will check the spread. A wet handkerchief pulled from the pocket with an energetic flourish spreads virus particles generously. After it has dried, the handkerchief becomes virtually noninfectious.

No preventive or cure is in sight, despite a great deal of work and even more folklore. As people grow older they naturally tend to have fewer colds—and therefore, says Andrewes, they

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other homosexuals and, having lost their fear and dislike of heterosexual society, got better jobs elsewhere.

Dr. Hadden has now had increasing success with several groups of four to eight patients. An individual stays in an average of four to eight years; when he graduates, his place is taken by a new-comer. A new patient willing to try treatment (even though he may be skeptical or actually contemptuous) is inducted into a group that meets once a week for about 1½ hours. He may show up flaunting gay clothes and gay mannerisms and is almost certain to insist that he was born a homosexual and is happy to remain one.

The more experienced patients in the group immediately challenge both his ideas and his behavior. They tell him that none of them want to be seen leaving the building with anyone dressed the way he is. They tell him that they, too, used to affect the same mannered speech that he does, and they are glad they quit. Most important, it soon becomes clear from discussion of their own problems that they never have been truly happy as homosexuals, and know they cannot be. Their anxiety is infectious, and this anxiety becomes the basis of a desire to change. The newcomers soon adopt "straight" clothing. One of the earliest behavior changes that Dr. Hadden sees is a less mannered way of speaking. And gradually the group knocks down all the rationalizations that homosexual propagandists have devised to justify themselves.

At the same time, patients support each other with the reassurance of belonging to a sympathetic group. Says Dr. Hadden: "Seldom have I seen stronger group spirit. After severe social rejection, the progress of any member in any area has a tonic effect on the whole group. And when a member begins to make progress toward a heterosexual adjustment, the group affords remarkable support."

Dates & Marriage. Members of the group interpret each other's dreams, with only such guidance from Dr. Hadden as is absolutely necessary. When their hostility toward parents, and especially their mothers, has been worked through, they start dating girls. "It is reassuring," says Dr. Hadden, "that there is no haste to rush into marriage, nor have we observed any periods of heterosexual promiscuity. Courtships have been on a mature basis."

Of 32 patients who have stayed with the program for at least 20 sessions, Dr. Hadden rates twelve as having achieved an exclusively heterosexual adjustment, and he says "other neurotic traits have improved or disappeared." He scores ten others as markedly improved, ten as failures. Among the twelve most successful cases, five men have been happily married for up to five years. Two patients were already married, using their marriages as cover-ups when they began treatment—one because he was being blackmailed, the

other because he had been arrested. These marriages were saved, and the wife of the man who was arrested is now glad that she dropped the idea of a divorce.

The psychiatrist's most important assets in treating homosexuality, says Dr. Hadden, are an understanding attitude toward his patients and confidence that their illness can indeed be treated.

CIRCULATION

The Panty-Girdle Problem

Doctors rarely see what kind of girdles their patients wear, which explains why it took so long to find out what was wrong with two Manhattan women who went to St. Vincent's Hospital complaining that their feet and legs swelled every afternoon.

The first woman, report Dr. Charles A. Ribaldo and Dr. Anthony A. For-



PANTY GIRDLE
Point of no return.

mato in the *New York State Journal of Medicine*, was a secretary, only 20, who seemed to be in the best of health except for that one complaint. And on vacation, when she was active on the beach all day, the swelling never appeared. Eventually a doctor noted a line around each thigh—about where he figured a round garter would have been in the Gay Nineties. His suspicions aroused, the doctor asked about her girdle. It proved to be the "panty type"—that is, each thigh was completely encircled with elastic material." The same was true of another woman, aged 52, in whose case diagnosis was more difficult because she actually had some blood-clotting problems.

If worn tightly, the doctors say, panty girdles of this style may act like tourniquets, checking the return flow of blood and lymph from the feet and legs to the trunk. An all-around girdle is not so likely to have this effect, even if tight, because blood and lymph find alternate return channels on the inner side of the thighs. Once the "dependent edema" caused by tight panty girdles has been diagnosed, the prescription for cure is simple and straightforward: throw away the girdle.



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In Mexico City shoppers buy home furnishing fabrics of Celanese fibers produced in Mexico. There are 12 plants operated by Mexican companies affiliated with Celanese. In this way, Celanese gives a strong helping hand to this nation's fast-developing economy. A new Celanese-affiliated petrochemicals plant in Mexico, dedicated in 1964, will produce raw materials for fibers and other products.



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Using chemicals and modern technology, Celanese scientists convert the molecules of substances like petroleum and wood pulp to new materials in one of the world's leading laboratories for the study of polymers. The laboratories are part of the Summit, New Jersey, Celanese research and development center whose polymer, fiber and plastics developments were put to use during 1964 in many parts of the world.

Celanese in 1964



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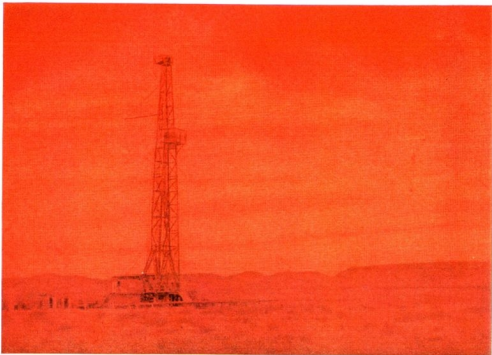
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Celanese in 1964

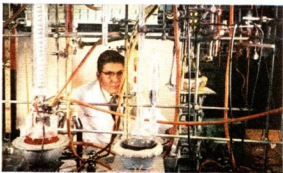
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SCIENCE

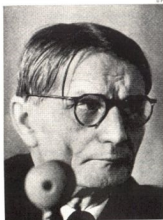
GENETICS

Final Defeat for Comrade Lysenko

The announcement from Moscow was blunt: Trofim Denisovich Lysenko had been relieved as director of the Institute of Genetics of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. The very name of the man who had been fired came back into the news like a memory of the past. But then Geneticist Lysenko had always been a man of the past. He rose to his position of power in Soviet science in the 1930s by preaching Lamarckism, the 18th century belief that plants and animals can transmit to the next generation characteristics they acquire in their own lifetime.

Across the world, Lysenko's fellow scientists scoffed at his theories; heredity, they believe, is controlled by genes in the reproductive cells and remains unchanged throughout an individual's life. But Lysenko had something else beside his dogma going for him. He was an exceedingly skillful Communist-style politician, and his views held great appeal for Joseph Stalin. They abetted Stalin's will to believe that hereditary traits can be changed in a planned society. For more than a quarter of a century, as those views controlled Soviet biological research and were written into Soviet textbooks, they degraded Soviet science.

To Siberia. With Stalin to back him, Lysenko became absolute dictator of Soviet biology, including agricultural research and development. In 1940 he sent his opponent, Professor Nikolai I. Vavilov, Russia's leading geneticist, to die in Siberia. He purged or silenced other critics in universities and laboratories. While Stalin lived, no one dared to disagree with Lysenko. His primitive exercises in plant and animal breeding had few successes, and lack of dogma-free research contributed heavily to the poor performance of Soviet agriculture.



GENETICIST LYSENKO

He always was a man of the past.

CRUISING



LANDING



XC-142A TAKING OFF

A clearing is as good as a runway.

When Stalin died and was replaced by Khrushchev, Lysenko lost his absolute power. He was fired as president of the Soviet Academy of Agricultural Sciences as an increasing number of critics dared to oppose his views. Still, Lysenko had startling survivability. Even though Khrushchev was a great admirer of hybrid corn, the most conspicuous practical triumph of orthodox genetics, he did not cut Lysenko down entirely. Himself a peasant's son, Khrushchev was apparently attracted by Lysenko's rustic methods, and as his personal power grew, he raised Lysenko step by step, put him back in the Institute of Genetics and permitted him to bring many of his followers back into favor. Russian science continued to suffer from his political influence.

Bad Situation. Khrushchev's fall last October was the beginning of the end for Lysenko. The Soviet press blossomed with articles against him; it published columns of praise for his enemies and critics. Soviet genetic laboratories openly dared to use Western ideas and methods. Lysenko's departure last week was marked by a speech by Mathematician Mstislav V. Keldysh, president of the august Academy of Sciences. Said Keldysh: "The exclusive position held by Academician Lysenko must not continue. His theories must be submitted to free discussion and normal verification. If we create in biology the same normal scientific atmosphere that exists in other fields, we will exclude any possibility of repeating the bad situation we witnessed in the past."

AERONAUTICS

The Plane That Can Fly Like a Helicopter

The two planes that took off from the Dallas Naval Air Station last week looked like a pair of elephants doing a mid-air *pas de deux*. Their wings were tilted vertically, while their four turbo-prop engines blasted so much prop wash straight downward that they kept pieces of trash flying in all directions around the field. Back and forth they rocked, 50 ft. above the ground, when suddenly they stopped and hovered in the 10-m.p.h. wind. Ungainly as they looked, the pair of XC-142As were the first large U.S. military transports to demonstrate a helicopter-like capability for vertical lift-offs and landings.

Other fighter-type V/STOLs have already flown, but Ling-Temco-Vought's XC-142As are full-scale troop carriers, and they are remarkably agile. LTV's Director of Flight Operations John Konrad took his plane through a series of 360° turns only 20 ft. off the ground, then flew backward and forward with equal ease. Both pilots then reached for the one cockpit control that would have been out of place in a conventional plane: the lever that controls the two powerful screwjacks that can turn the wings until they point skyward or roll them back into standard flight position (see cuts). Once their wings were flat and their propellers pointing forward, they flew past the 600 press-military-airline observers at 250 m.p.h.

Though the XC-142A's performance resembles that of a fast-flying helicop-



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ter, the resemblance ends there. It is the largest plane of its type in the world, can carry 32 combat troops or four tons of cargo. The two that were flown last week are the first of five to be delivered to the Air Force this year at a cost of more than \$100 million. "With an aircraft like this," said LTV Executive Vice President Paul Thayer, as he talked of the brush-fire wars the plane might be used for, "a clearing in a forest performs like a multimillion-dollar runway."

ENGINEERING

Getting There the Hot Way

Taking leave of their own problems for a while, five nuclear scientists at the Atomic Energy Commission's Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory were discussing the difficulties of Project Mohole, the National Science Foundation's plan to bore through six miles of the earth's crust northeast of Hawaii. What kind of drill would stand up to the job?

The talk turned to molybdenum, which is not the hardest metal known to man but has the advantage of not even beginning to melt at temperatures up to 4,700°F. Eventually the atom experts decided to put their drilling theories to a test; they constructed a 2-in. cylindrical drill bit of molybdenum, and to their surprise their very first demonstration was a success. With a 5-kw. generator, they heated the face of the bit to 2,190°F, then forced it down against a specimen of hard basalt rock. Like a hot pick thrusting through ice, the bit ate into the rock at the rate of 50 ft. a day—a rate that the experimenters figured could be doubled by heating the bit to a still higher temperature and by putting a little more pressure on the drill from the top.

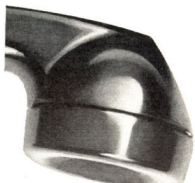
The Los Alamos men are already speculating beyond Mohole. They feel that their drill can be put to work some day to tap the geothermal energy that abounds deep in the earth, causing hot springs and geysers. As for immediate uses, the inventors are uncertain, but they answer at least one request a day for information about their molybdenum bit from miners and wildcatters.

BOTANY

The Tender Trap

Few creations of nature are more exotic than the flowers that trap insects in order to transfer pollen from their male to their female reproductive organs. Though the workings of these trap flowers were known by Charles Darwin, their intricate mechanisms are only now coming to light.

Modern plant research, writes German Biologist Stefan Vogel in *Umschau*, has supplied a sudden flood of knowledge about the behavior of trap flowers. Their blossoms range from one-half inch to two feet in length. They lure insects to their traps by the unforl smell that their osmophores give off during the "lure phase": yet even the



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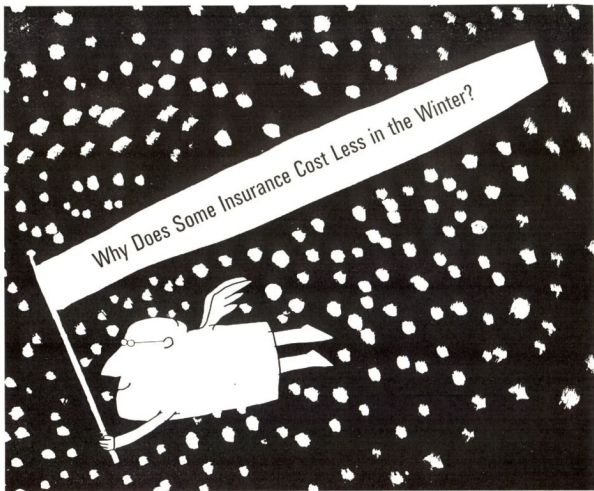
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smells vary—from fecal-like, to cidery, to urine-like, to musky.

So Sticky & Warm. The trap of just about all such flowers is a hollow tunnel formed by the flower's blossom that botanists call the caldron. Some varieties of trap flowers are equipped along their rims with countless tiny hairs, which appear to an approaching insect to be other fluttering insects. Once it lands on the camouflaged rim, the decoyed bug is helpless, the victim of a slippery substance that can neutralize the suction cups on a fly's feet. No matter how it struggles, the bug slides into the caldron's pit.

The numerous species of traps use ingenious methods to cover the insects imprisoned in the blossom with the

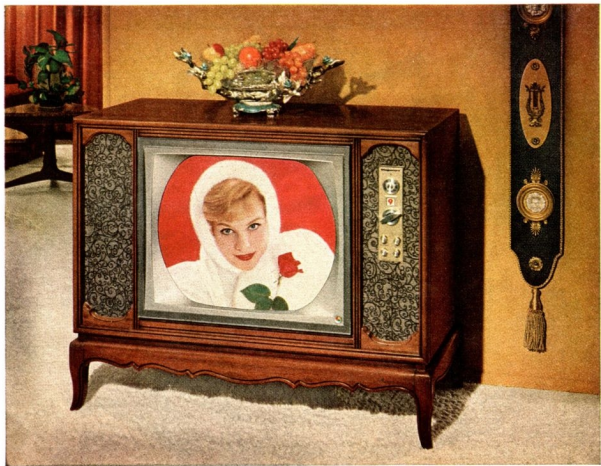


TRAP FLOWER & FLIES

The jack-in-the-pulpit opens a hatch.

sticky pollen that they carry to the flower's close-at-hand female sex organ as they try to escape. After a night inside the Aaron's-rod flower, mosquitoes find themselves literally snowed under by pollen, while flies caught by the lily-like arms of another trap flower must wade through mounds of pollen to move from one part of the caldron to another. The curved hollow of the purplish-green Dutchman's-pipe is pocked on the inside by windowl-like patches that are surrounded with pollen, which rubs off on the bug who mistakes the bright patch for daylight and freedom. Often the caldron provides warmth and humidity; sometimes it also supplies a nectar to keep the prisoner pollinating for as long as 100 hours.

Free, for a While. Once pollination is over, the insect is usually permitted to fly free, if only to be victimized by another flower. One erect and fleshy trap flower lets its prisoner fall out by merely drooping its blossom downward. The male part of the jack-in-the-pulpit allows mosquitoes to escape by opening a small hatch. But the mosquito had better be alert; its otherwise identical female part has no such escape hatch.



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Well, there's some of the evidence. Performance enthusiasts, that's what they are.

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MUSIC

COMPOSERS

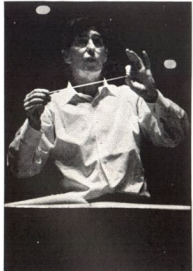
Going Like 60

As Composer Michael Tippett turned 60 last month, orchestras all over Britain gave him the best gift of all: they performed his works. The tribute has since become something of a surprise party—for critics and audiences. For while Tippett ranks second only to his friend Benjamin Britten as England's most notable living composer, his music has not been widely played hitherto, chiefly because its polyphonic complexities and juggled rhythmic patterns scare off most performers. Now, thanks to the birthday boom, performances of Tippett's music are finally winning the popular recognition that conservative Britons have long denied him.

Topical Relevance. In a dual salute to his own work and the reopening of an enlarged, acoustically sharpened Royal Festival Hall, Tippett last week conducted the London Philharmonic in a performance of his most celebrated oratorio, the 23-year-old *A Child of Our Times*. The libretto, based on the savage pogrom with which Hitler avenged the assassination of a German diplomat by a Jewish boy in 1938, poignantly plumbs the agonies of the persecuted. What gives the theme a wider, painfully topical relevance is Tippett's skillful weaving into the score of five Negro spirituals, after the style of a Bach chorale, that were sung last week by the magnificent, 232-voice Philharmonic chorus. Tippett, a lean, Lincoln-esque figure who looks half his three-score years on the podium, seemed to inspire rather than instruct the ensemble in his brooding, hauntingly compassionate music.

Son of a Cornish lawyer, Tippett was

ALAN CLIFFON



TIPPETT AT REHEARSAL

The present was in the performing.

raised in Suffolk, and attended London's Royal College of Music. As a student, he flirted with Marxism but was later bitterly disillusioned, has since occupied "the middle ground of compassion"—pacifism; in 1943 he was bounced into prison for three months for refusing to do war work. From his hatred of violence was born *A Child of Our Times*, begun with the encouragement of Tippett's Monopoly partner and "sort of father," the late poet T. S. Eliot, the day that World War II broke out.

Shadow & Light. Premiered in bomb-torn London in 1944, *Child* proved a big, immediate success. Curiously, Tippett then retreated into a cocoon of meditative quietude for the next ten years to crystallize his musical vision—which, as he puts it, is to "know my shadow and my light." He emerged in 1955 with *The Midsummer Marriage*, a kind of 20th century *Magic Flute*, overloaded with symbolism but containing some of his most lyrically beautiful music. His next major work was the powerful opera *King Priam*, which marked a dramatic departure from anything he had done before. Spare, angular, dramatically taut, it has served as a jumping-off point for everything he is presently working on, notably a cantata drawn from the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, and a new and as yet untitled opera, which was commissioned by Covent Garden.

Meanwhile, the birthday bandwagon keeps rolling. In the next six months half a dozen new recordings of Tippett's works will be released—equivalent to his entire previous output on disks. This summer the Leicestershire, Bath and Edinburgh festivals will all feature special programs of Tippett's music. In July he will visit the U.S. to serve as composer-in-residence at the Aspen Music Festival in Colorado. At 60, the late-blooming composer is at the peak of his creative career. And, as Britten says, he has a lot more notes to write.

OPERA

Salome in Silver

Salome was 16 and slinky-slim. Birgit Nilsson is 46 and boatwain-burly. As for casting the Swede in the title role of Richard Strauss's *Salome*, the idea seemed roughly comparable to starring Judith Anderson as Lolita. But New York's Metropolitan Opera does, on occasion, have imagination, and for its long-awaited restaging of *Salome*, the Met put its money on Birgit.

And why not? That dance of the veils says why not, seven times. Particularly since the Met's last *Salome* in 1962 featured lissome Jane Rhodes, whose slow, seductive peel is still burned on many an opera glass. Vocally, though—for those who could also listen—Rhodes's performance was less than scintillating. And those B-flats



NILSSON AT THE MET
The body was in the voice.

were uniformly flat. But it is an especially difficult role to measure up to, for Strauss's score calls for a teen-age temptress with an Isolde voice—a titmouse that roars.

Birgit Nilsson may not have the body, but her voice does—and so last week she made her U.S. debut in the role. For Nilsson and the Met, it was a stunning triumph. Wisely underplaying the adolescent siren, she seduced instead with the flashing beauty of her voice. She sang as though her lungs were made of the finest Swedish steel. Her effortless, flawless soprano swooped and soared above Strauss's heavy, quirky orchestration even when she was writhing on the floor to entice the lecherous Herod. Her phrasing was impeccable, her tone as silver-pure as a Nordic winterscape. Even John the Baptist would have lost his head.

German Set Designer Rudolph Heinrich conjured up a murky nether world dominated by a giant, evil-colored moon that slides malevolently across a leaden sky. The aura of decadence set the mood for Salome's dance of the veils. For Nilsson's performance, it was more choreographed hootchy-kootchy than basic bump and grind. Coiffed in a black mushroom wig, she swayed and shimmied, shedding red chiffon veils until she was down to black net tights and corset.

It would never draw in Las Vegas, but for the Met it seemed about right. Indeed, so much was just right with the performance that Nilsson's Salome will go down as the finest the Met has heard since Ljuba Welitsch sang the part 15 years ago. At the end, the first-night audience gave Nilsson a half-hour standing ovation. "It was," said Nilsson, "the biggest ovation I have ever heard." After 30 minutes of curtain calls, who even remembered those seven veils?



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EDUCATION

COLLEGES

The Picking Order

The second most desirable colleges in the U.S. are Harvard and Radcliffe, says the top 8% of 1,500,000 high school entrants in the National Merit Scholarship competition. So who's on first—and so on down to tenth? The bright kids' picking order, according to a three-year survey:

BOYS

M.I.T.
Harvard
Stanford
Caltech
California (Berkeley)
Yale
Princeton
Cornell
Columbia
Michigan

GIRLS

Stanford
Radcliffe
Cornell
California (Berkeley)
Michigan
Wellesley
Duke
Northwestern
Columbia (Barnard)
Smith

Grades, Eyeball-to-Eyeball

The sophomore crossed the creaky college classroom and took a seat in front of a table. The battered black door closed behind him, and he looked into the eyes of the six faculty members who had been waiting for him. "Are you satisfied with yourself?" began the chairman of the seeming inquisition. "Yes, I am," was the spunky answer. Obviously some of the other inquisitors were not. One criticized the student for flippancy, another called him "a debunker," a third wondered why he was at the college.

It sounded a bit like the nightmare of a student who had read too much Dostoevski or Koestler, but it actually happened last week at St. John's College in Annapolis, Md. The confrontation was the twice-a-year "don rag," which is the closest St. John's comes to a report card. It is also the logical extension of the school's Socratic teaching method, which stresses 100 "great books" and depends almost exclusively on small tutorial discussion groups and oral exams.

Oxbridge Words. The "don" in don rag comes from the Oxbridge term for tutor, and the "rag" is an Anglicism, meaning to scold. Scolding is not its only function. The catalogue calls the don rag "diagnosis and prescription," and students in difficulty are given extra don-rag periods, throughout the term. Dean John S. Kieffer believes that those having the hardest time should receive the tenderest treatment. The sophomore who was charged with flippancy and debunking was considered a bright but complacent boy who could take the harsh words.

The sessions generally begin with two-minute accountings from each of the undergraduate's half a dozen tutors, and go on to five minutes of rebuttal by the student and other colloquy on his problems. Several years ago, during what was perhaps the longest-playing ragtime on record, the chairman, after 90-odd

minutes, suggested that perhaps the undergraduate was beyond salvation. "A student reflects his tutors," the boy replied, leaving the room—and the college.

Crying Coeds. Coeds, who make up more than one-third of the school's 318 students, have been known to exit sobbing. But clearly the don-rag institution is approved by St. Johnnies. After each session a summation is written up (and sent to the parents of freshmen), and traditional letter grades reflecting the

President Andrew D. Holt ordered an investigation, and inevitably it would leave uninvolved the generations-old campus question of how horseplay escalates into homicide, high spirits degenerate into low tragedy. How, for instance, did the dead freshman, an unobtrusive nephew of a U.T. English instructor, and his friends come under the gun? Most riot-weary authorities cite mob psychology as a prime factor. "When people feel they're lost in a crowd," notes San Francisco State College Dean Ferd Reddell, "they always grow braver. That's why one way to handle them



COED AT ST. JOHN'S DON RAG

The bright but complacent can take it.

summation are assigned as a convenience for undergraduates transferring or applying to graduate school. Though students are entitled to see these letter marks, most of them make it a point of pride never to look them up, accepting instead the verbose verdict of the eyeball-to-eyeball rag.

From Horseplay to Homicide

As sure as the snows of February, there are snowball fights at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville. Last week, when a five-inch fall set 200 undergraduates to pelting away across campus-cutting West Cumberland Avenue, it seemed at first like any free-for-all—but by the time this one was over, three men were dead. One was a passing truck driver, who got his skull fractured by an ice-cored snowball. Another truck driver, also under barrage, got so incensed that he grabbed a pistol from his cab and shot "I don't know where"—it was, it turned out, into the head of an 18-year-old freshman. And the third victim, a 58-year-old packer, died of a heart attack minutes after (and, maintains his widow, because of) running the snowball gauntlet on West Cumberland Avenue.

Inevitably, University of Tennessee

during a mob scene is to call them by name and bring them back to the realization of their individuality."

Yale Administrator Henry Chauncey believes that gatherings do not smolder into mobs "if proper police methods are used. If the opposition is jovial, then the students are jovial. But if it's brutal, then they become brutal." The only—and probably unconquerable—difficulty is for the cops to sense the golden mean. Could they have better handled the Tennessee rioters last week? Even as the police tried to get the dying freshman to a hospital, Knoxville police were under continuous ambush, and the snowballing continued for hours after the ambulance had shrieked off.

The Tennessee riot deepened the occupational angst of the U.S. deanery. Some theorized that times of depressingly gloomy weather and heavy academic load bring on incidents; others, particularly in the North, found fairer weather and increased leisure a more volatile combination. Most seemed to go along with Fred Turner, dean of the University of Illinois for the past 22 years, who says: "I've never been able to detect any pattern, except that the cause of the mean and ugly ones is usually something unexpected."

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SCHOOLS

It Pays to Desegregate

When the 1964 Civil Rights Act empowered the Government to stop aid to school administrations refusing to sign a desegregation pledge, many Southerners were talking as truculently as Louisiana Politician Leander Perez. "Our children are not for sale for any filthy, tainted federal bribes," he said. But the defiance will cost his Plaquemine Parish some \$200,000 this year, and there are by now few other Southern areas willing to give up that kind of money. With the pledge deadline coming up on March 3, the rights act is rapidly imposing the desegregation that 75% of the South's school districts have managed to avoid even though the Supreme Court ordered it ten years ago. Items:

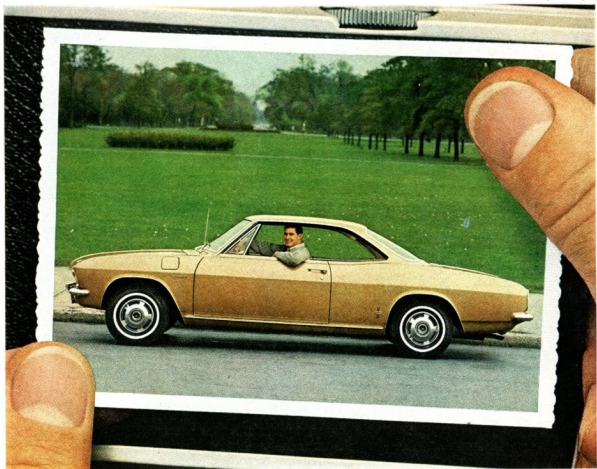
► The boards of education of six of these eleven Southern states have already taken the pledge themselves or indicated that their individual school districts may do so. Even in Alabama, State School Superintendent Austin Meadows is advising local boards: "We're damned if we do sign but twice damned if we don't."

► Counterlegislation, which cuts off state aid to desegregating districts, is no longer enforced in Louisiana and unenforced by Mississippi, the only two states that have such laws.

► Compliance is now in general evidence at the university level, with such surprising early signers as Alabama, South Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana State and Ole Miss.

If the federal desegregation drive is heading over the hump, it is largely because Washington has the states over the barrel. Last year the South received more than \$506 million in federal education subsidies, chiefly for lunches, laboratory equipment and research projects, and this year is no time to opt out. With President Johnson counting on vastly increasing the Washington aid and concentrating it on poverty-impacted districts, Alabama's share would double, the Carolinas' triple. Alabama's George Wallace is suddenly silent on the subject of federal intervention, which could bring Alabama \$35 million just as he is seeking an extra \$30 million for schools.

Other Southern segregationists are going still farther and conceding that they are not so much bought as beaten. Arkansas' Orval Faubus is admitting that "there is quite a difference" between his old recalcitrant days of 1957 and the present. "Congress now has passed a law, and it is the law of the land." Thus one of his education department officials has warned possible holdout districts: "Those that go it alone are going to find themselves in court." And even in Mississippi, the president of the Greenville city school board has faced up to the fact that "the real choice is whether we are going to obey the law with federal aid or obey the law without federal aid."



If we tried showing its new performance
this would be a blur.
'65 CORVAIR by Chevrolet

And we'd never be able to show you here how it climbs, corners, cruises or parks. So here's what to do...

Your career as a performance expert starts when you walk into your Chevrolet dealer's and make straight for a Corvaire Corsa, Monza or 500 model.

And after one slow circuit around the car you start thinking about driving gloves and Roman villas and such. By the time you've stared at all those businesslike instruments and taken it out for one quick circuit around the block, you're totally smitten.

You think, no wonder they took the time to give Corvaire a sports-car-

type fully independent suspension. And no wonder they nestled the engine in back. Corvaire makes the most of light steering, jackrabbit handling and rear-engine traction.

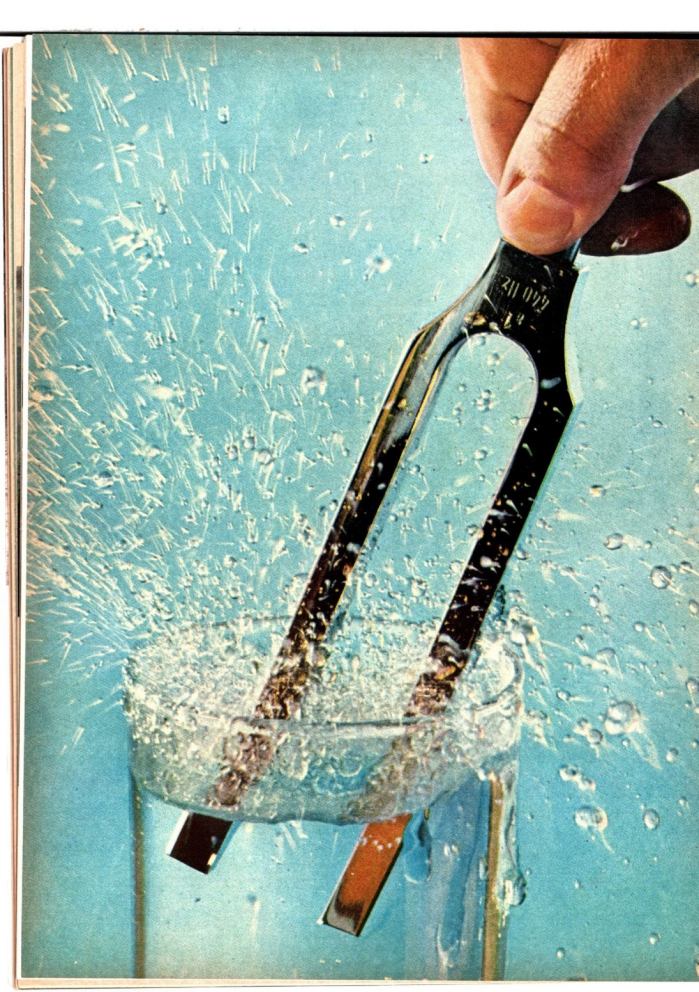
And you'll find you have a wide range of air-cooled engines to select from that allows you to make beautiful music with this kind of car.

So does the 4-Speed fully synchronized transmission you can specify to go with it.

A few final details—like an AM-

FM radio, telescopic steering wheel, Positraction and simulated wire wheel covers, yours for the ordering—and you're a full-fledged performance expert. Have fun—and don't forget your driving gloves! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.







From a sound and a splash —understanding

The tuning fork is struck, it makes a sound. Put it in water and it makes the water splash out. Why does it make a sound? Why does it splash the water?

Chances are that you were not taught the concept of sound vibration until you were in high school—but the illustration at the left is from a third-grade science textbook. It is part of a new program published by Silver Burdett Company, the educational publishing subsidiary of Time Incorporated.

This excitingly different kind of science program begins in kindergarten, and it has two essential aims: first, to help teachers present the basic concepts of the biological, earth and physical sciences; second, to give them the means of helping children develop the skills to pursue the study of science at any level.

Because it is the educational publishing subsidiary of Time Incorporated, Silver Burdett is able to draw heavily on the vast pictorial resources available from TIME and LIFE. Silver Burdett books make remarkable use of pictures that teach, pictures that illustrate dramatically the application of concepts.

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Silver Burdett Company is one of the enterprises through which Time Incorporated endeavors to bring information and understanding to people everywhere.

TIME/LIFE

Don't bother going to Buenos Aires to keep up with the Joneses

(They haven't been there yet)



This is downtown Buenos Aires at its loveliest hour—dusk. Your Panagra ticket to B.A. allows you to visit 9 other cities—at no extra cost!



Gaucho drinking mate.

There are three schools of thought about Buenos Aires.

One says it's like Rome. Vibrant. Monumental.

Another, like Paris. With broad, tree-lined boulevards and sidewalk cafés.

A third feels B.A. stands apart, distinctively itself, offering its own special delights. Such as?

B.A.'s chic-est shopping street is closed to cars! It's Calle Florida, a gay, nine-block promenade with irresistible buys in alligator bags, vicuña ponchos, furs.

The most popular restaurants specialize in beef as you've never had beef before. Family-size steaks for one are commonplace, wonderful, and inex-

pensive. There are exotic native dishes, too, like *empanada*, a sort of meat pie eaten with the fingers.

Then there's the storied gaucho—your cowboy host at a cookout on the pampas just outside B.A. There's cool, dry wine. Pulsing guitars. Wild dancing. Bold horsemanship.

And this travel excitement doesn't have to end in Buenos Aires. For the same round-trip fare, you can stop off in Lima, Santiago, Rio de Janeiro, and many other South American cities.

Panagra is the only U.S. airline specializing only in South American travel. You fly at night, with no change of plane, over the routes of National, Pan Am and Panagra. You fly on luxurious

Casa Rosada, the presidential palace.



El Interamericano DC-8 Jets—the most frequent jets to Peru, Chile, Argentina. So you arrive fresh and relaxed—ready for sightseeing on the first day of your vacation.

For reservations, see your Travel



"Pato," a game played with a 6-handled ball!

Agent. Or call Pan Am, sales agent for Panagra.

As a public service, Panagra reminds you that the Peace Corps is recruiting volunteers, to help people all over the world, including our neighbors in South America. To apply, write the Peace Corps, Washington, D. C.

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RELIGION

JUDAISM

Lady in the Dark

Pretty Rina Eitani, 35, seems as Jewish as Rebecca. She was one of those who escaped from the Warsaw ghetto, landed in Palestine as a refugee in 1947. She joined a kibbutz, served in the Israeli army, raised her son and daughter as Jews, and though non-observant, celebrates Judaism's major feasts in her house. Now she is a town councilor of Israel's Mapai (Labor) Party in Upper Nazareth.

But she is not Jewish enough for Israel's Ministry of the Interior. Although Mrs. Eitani's father was a Polish Jew, explains the ministry, her mother was a German Protestant—and according to the Halacha (religious law), a Jew is someone whose mother was Jewish, or a convert to the faith. The ministry demands that she turn in her passport pending the investigation of her citizenship. She has the choice of converting formally to Judaism or becoming a naturalized citizen of Israel as a non-Jew.

Whether or not Mrs. Eitani is Jewish has blossomed into a nationwide debate. What makes the problem so touchy is that it cuts to the root of Israel's schizophrenia as a modern, secular state whose laws are strongly in-



RINA EITANI

How Jewish is Jewish enough?

fluenced by a minority of observant Orthodox Jews as their price for remaining in the coalition with the governing Mapai. In 1960 the Interior Ministry, dominated by Orthodox Jews, ruled that the Halacha would determine whether an immigrant could enter Israel under the 1950 Law of Return, which makes any Jew automatically eligible for citizenship.

The ministry's ruling is clearly at variance with the views of Israel's Su-

preme Court. Three years ago, in ruling against Carmelite Father Daniel, a Catholic convert who applied for citizenship under the Law of Return on grounds of his Jewish birth, the court declared that a Jew is basically anyone the man in the street would consider Jewish. Although Rina qualifies under this rule of thumb, the ministry refuses to back down.

Until the government rules in her case, Mrs. Eitani remains a lady in the dark about whether she is Israeli, German, Polish or stateless. Her children have been jeered at, and Orthodox Nazarenes have passed out handbills warning against "the Gentile in our midst." On principle, however, she refuses to make a public act of conversion while the controversy continues. "I have no other religion but Judaism," she says. "How can I say that I'm not a Jew now? I would be denying my past."

CLERGY

Liberal Intolerance

To most U.S. churchmen, Fundamentalist Carl McIntire, 58, is an irritating preacher. In radio broadcasts over 617 stations, he accuses the major U.S. churches of being "infiltrated by Communists," assails Episcopal Bishop James Pike and top Presbyterian Eugene Carson Blake for distorting the Bible, opposes the civil rights movement and ecumenism. Writes Pennsylvania's Episcopal Bishop Robert DeWitt: McIntire's "attacks upon the Protestant community, the Roman Catholic Church, the United Nations, and American foreign policy have established him as a negative and divisive force."

Is that reason for trying to muzzle McIntire? With a classic failure to be tolerant toward people or ideas they oppose, a lot of liberal groups want to mute his voice. More than 40 organizations—including the Greater Philadelphia Council of Churches, the N.A.A.C.P., the Philadelphia chapter of the Jewish Anti-Defamation League, and the Roman Catholic weekly *Commonweal*—asked the FCC to ban the sale of radio station WXUR in Media, Pa., to McIntire's Faith Theological Seminary in nearby Elkins Park, which trains preachers for his American Council of Christian Churches and other fundamentalist churches.

Ill at ease, McIntire obtained copies of the letters, which by law became a matter of public record once the FCC received them, and published a selection of them in his weekly *Christian Beacon*. The FCC thereupon received 900 more letters, 95% of them urging it to grant the broadcasting license to the seminary. The seminary wants to run the station as a commercial enterprise, but would allocate about five hours a day to religious programs, including McIntire's daily "20th Century

Reformation Hour," and his appeals for funds, which last year brought in \$3,000,000.

Some of the clergymen who asked the FCC to deny McIntire's seminary a broadcasting license seemingly felt ill at ease. "I must confess that in the interest of fairness this man's point of view should be heard," wrote the Rev. Manuel C. Avila Jr. of the Springfield, Pa., Baptist Church. But Avila thought that McIntire should not have the right to control the entire broadcasting content of a station. The complaints say

JOSEPH C. BENNETT



PREACHER MCINTIRE

Has he got a right to irritate?

that McIntire is grossly biased and twists facts, but the FCC notes that he offers the individuals he attacks time on his programs to rebut the charges, thus meeting the agency's test of "fairness." The seminary has the legal right to purchase the station, and the FCC is expected to grant it a license within a month.

Offensive, But . . . Commenting on the outcry against McIntire, the Minneapolis Star wrote: "It is a strange situation when religious and civil rights organizations which are in the forefront of the battle for tolerance behave so intolerantly themselves." The Protestant weekly *Christian Century* said that it "disagrees with 99% of what McIntire believes and preaches. His methods are offensive, his goals disreputable and his achievements calamitous. But none of this weighs for or against McIntire's right to own or control a radio station."

How to Become a Bishop

"More devils can be routed by a little laughter than by a carload of humorless piety," writes Methodist Pastor Charles Merrill Smith in *How to Become a Bishop Without Being Religious* (Doubleday; \$3.50). The devils that Smith wants to exorcise are the phony pietism and the trivial hypocrisy that many a Protestant pastor has to indulge

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AUTHOR SMITH
A green Chevy or a blue Comet?

in if he intends to climb the hierarchical ladder of his church.

Success in the ministry, says Smith, comes from meticulous conformity to "the right professional stance." A clergyman must never even think, for example, of driving a red Corvette convertible. For beginning preachers, a black, two-door Falcon is ideal; a dark green Chevy II with automatic transmission is "safe" for the pastor of a small congregation. But a substantial urban congregation may expect its minister to drive something a bit larger and less austere, such as a blue Mercury Comet or a Pontiac Tempest.

The Personal Pronoun. "The most important one piece of equipment the aspiring clergyman will acquire," says Smith, "is a wife. She must not be beautiful, stylish or sexy. The best approach to the problem of clerical mate selection is to imagine that you are planning to employ an assistant pastor."

The rising clergyman can win a reputation for wisdom in his sermons by using such phrases as "Christ-centered" and "faith of our fathers." Another favorite phrase is "holiness unto the Lord. No one has a clue to what this means, but it is one of the most soul-satisfying phrases in the lexicon." References to sin and sinners are always welcome, for they conjure up "images of orgies and black lingerie." Nothing makes the congregation feel so good as singing hymns like C. Austin Miles's *In the Garden*, which mentions the first person pronoun 27 times.

And He walks with me.

And He talks with me.

And He tells me I am His own.

Most important of all is to cultivate the right people. The rule of thumb, Smith suggests, is to assign each individual a numerical value—a member of the old aristocracy ten points, any millionaire eight, a corporation lawyer six, an obscure artist two, a clerk 0, a factory worker minus one, a Japanese (ex-

cept in California) minus three—then allot each a proportionate amount of attention. Add to this a "respectful, alert, eager to learn and anxious to serve" demeanor toward ecclesiastical superiors, and eventually someone will tell the powers that be, "Jim Goodfellow is the man you are looking for."

Glory & Dedication. At 46, Leonard Smith has climbed up the "professional progress chart" he offers in his book just as fast as the mythical Conformist Goodfellow. The pastor of the 2,200-member Wesley Methodist Church in Bloomington, Ill., Smith is a trustee of Illinois Wesleyan University, has a rich cherry-red rug in his office, drives a red Dodge convertible and aspires to own a Jaguar sedan. A few times a year he takes his blonde wife Betty, whom he married for "irrelevant reasons," to New York for a round of Broadway shows and dinner at Luchow's. The Smiths subscribe to *Conformet*, "the magazine we dream by."

The son, brother, and grandson of Methodist preachers, Smith wrote his book late nights, sitting at the kitchen table. What motivated him was a lover's quarrel with the church. For he believes that "it behooves us who love the church to do what we can to eliminate the ridiculous and the trivial so that the glory, the dedication and the relevance may be seen unobscured."

EPISCOPALIANS

Giving the Rib a Ribbing

God created the world in six days. Eve was made out of Adam's rib. Literal acceptance of such Biblical statements is the hallmark of fundamentalism, and south Georgia is a stronghold of it. Last week twelve Episcopal bishops from as far away as Montana launched a "Bishops' Crusade for Christ" in south Georgia, attacking "anthropoid religion," as H. L. Mencken used to call it.

In what the Rt. Rev. Albert Rhett Stuart, Episcopal Bishop of Georgia, said was only the beginning of a year-long evangelizing drive, each of the bishops preached in one of twelve towns of the diocese of Georgia, which covers the southern part of the state. "We are trying to present a rational, meaningful exposition of the New Testament faith," said Archdeacon Alfred Mead, Montana's Episcopal Bishop Chandler Sterling, 54, a beary churchman sporting a silver cowboy buckle on his robes, agreed: "It's time to sweep away old stories and make the Gospels intelligible against the background of today."

The problem of fundamentalism is that it cannot withstand critical Biblical scholarship and scientific facts. "No person with any knowledge of history or archaeology could possibly buy this fundamentalist stuff," says Mead. And the moment small-town boys go to college, "they take a course in biology, and their faith is gone. Our great sin is never having offered them a real alternative."

So what else is new?

People seem to get used to modern miracles pretty quickly. A satellite that would have been big news a couple of years ago is routine stuff today.

And in our own line of business, electricity made with nuclear energy has come along so fast that you're probably not surprised to hear that 127 of the investor-owned companies have 25 nuclear electric projects completed or under way—about a

billion-dollar program to benefit you and all America.

You probably say, "Great. But what else are you doing for us lately?"

Well, to help keep your electric service ever plentiful and low in price, we've got more than 1800 research and development projects under way or recently completed.

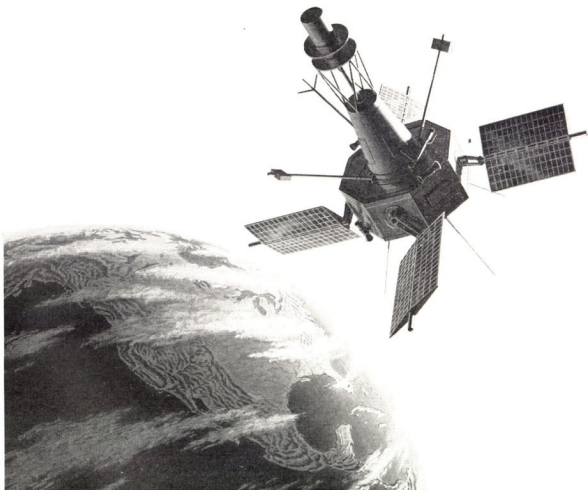
And in about the next ten years we'll double our electric supply.

This means we'll build substantially as much as all that we've built in the past 82 years.

We're also proud of the fact that the average unit price paid for residential electricity is less than it was ten years ago. And we'll try our hardest to keep up that good record.

You've got good things going for you with service by **Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies***

*Names of sponsoring companies available to you through this magazine





NIVOLA & PATRON IN PLAYGROUND
Grownups can be negative.

SCULPTURE

The Horsy Set

The sculptural face of a modern city playground rarely gets more monumental than a jungle gym. Its rectilinear zigzag of steel lattice is a joy toy for kids, and a spatial bore. But then, who considers a playground worthy of a sculptor's talents? At least, New York city's housing authority did, and let Costantino Nivola, 53, see how he could improve on the blight of monkey bars, slides, and swings that make playgrounds across the nation look like a titanic display of naked plumbing.

A sinewy Sardinian immigrant, Nivola loves outdoor public sculpture. He has sand-cast a 100-ton bas-relief for a Hartford, Conn., insurance company, carved out abstract fountains and reliefs in raw concrete for the late Eero Saarinen's brace of new colleges at Yale. The playground, he felt, "was more challenging." Wandering recently through the results of his commission, on a 100-ft. by 200-ft. lot between Manhattan's West 90th and 91st Streets, bordered by a new, mediocre low-income housing project and a high-income boys' school, Nivola said, "There is a desolation and barrenness to these buildings. I wanted to relieve that, to introduce a friendly atmosphere in plastic form."

Nivola cut costs to \$30,000 by using cast concrete, sometimes in a giant sandbox. A huge slab relief dominates the playground entrance. Two 8-ft.-tall diamond-shaped fountains gurgled water through faceted gutters, and an 80-ft.-long stucco mural wall borders the children's plaza. The principal delight is a circus of 18 cast-stone horsies, mixed with marble dust to sparkle in three colors. They are indestructible mounts for the most tantrum tot. A final touch

is a hulking, 7-ft.-high abstract human figure, a sort of guardian nanny to children romping there.

Nivola's playground has been open long enough to gauge its success. Grown-ups are negative. A neighborhood priest deplores the possibility of a child tumbling off a fountain. A nearby housewife thinks it may all be obscene. A local clergyman says frankly: "This art escapes me." The kids? They all seem to love it. "Swings are for babies," says one seven-year-old lad. "I'm not a baby any more."

PAINTING

A Cold Plunge

It was the most precious French prize to fall into English hands since Joan of Arc. At 2 o'clock one morning last July, a large crate was off-loaded at London airport. Inside was a 51-in. by 76-in. oil painting by Paul Cézanne. Called *Les Grandes Baigneuses*, or *The Bathers*, it had been purchased by Britain's National Gallery for \$1,400,000, the highest published price ever paid for a French painting. Unlike Joan of Arc, the English were not altogether sure that they wanted it.

While *The Bathers* underwent routine restoration, British critics debated the extravagance. To buy the work, a real estate developer, Max Rayne, had put up \$700,000, and the tax-supported National Gallery and the Crown had kicked in the rest. British Art Critic Douglas Cooper carped that it was "an inordinate amount of the taxpayers' money." He wrote: "I can only laugh at the gullibility of those who are so blinded by shame and the magic of a name that they cannot recognize a most undesirable failure."

Margarine Purchase. Certainly the newly acquired *Bathers* is less finished—in academicians' terms—than the others. A much more highly modeled, carefully shaded version was bought by Pennsylvania's Barnes Foundation from Cézanne's dealer, Ambroise Vollard, in 1933. Another, and the largest version, was purchased three years later by the Philadelphia Museum of Art for \$110,000. By comparison, the British buy (on which Cézanne worked from 1897 to 1906) seems sketchy, leading some critics to call it crude, while other experts see it as perched on the threshold of cubism.

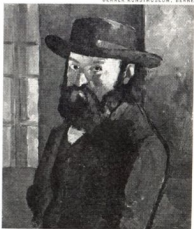
Nonetheless, to the French, the sale was an irreparable loss of national patrimony. Both the Philadelphia *Bathers* and the National Gallery's new acquisition were sold from the collection of a staunch Gaul, the late Auguste Pellerin, margarine magnate and one of the original collectors of Cézanne. But French fury focused on Culture Minister André Malraux, who has had the power since 1961 to instigate the refusal of export permits for outstanding

works of native art. "Doesn't he like Cézanne?" asked Critic Pierre Cabanne in the weekly *Arts*. "This painting belonged first and foremost to *la France* to all of us."

Consolation Prize. Actually, of course, the painting belonged to the Pellerin family, which has already given five Cézannes to the Louvre (which has a total of 26). To sweeten the deal that allowed *The Bathers* to leave France, the Pellerins gave still another Cézanne, an 1868 portrait of a minor artist, Achille Empeire, whose name is oddly stenciled on the canvas. Said a Culture Ministry official: "One would say that one was a counterpart to the other." Few Frenchmen were satisfied by what they thought a paltry pre-impressionist consolation prize by a man who laid down ground rules for cubism.

With the new Cézanne now up on the wall, British critics are beginning to concede that the prize was worth capturing. London Observer Critic Nigel Gosling, who had thought the black and white reproduction, first released by the National Gallery, suggested "something intellectual and contrived" about the painting, took it all back when he examined it in color. "Over every inch of the canvas the colors are laid on as lavish and delicate as the feathers on a tropical bird."

Some critics suggested that *The Bathers*' size was the justification of its high cost. Says National Gallery Director Sir Philip Hendy of the more than 6-ft.-wide *Bathers*: "Size is of no great value in a mediocre work. In a great artist, it spells adventure: thinking big, feeling big, painting big." Hendy attributes his museum's sudden jump of 26,000 in attendance chiefly to the new Cézanne. However proud, he is taking no chances. The controversial *Bathers* hangs alone in a guarded room, protected by a bulletproof Perspex plastic screen.



CÉZANNE SELF-PORTRAIT
26,000 Englishmen can't be wrong.

THE GREAT CÉZANNE CONTROVERSY

"PORTRAIT OF EMPERAIRE" was given to Louvre by Pellerin family, as a consolation before selling *Bathers* (below) to London's National Gallery.



LAST OF CÉZANNE'S THREE GREAT "BATHERS" TO LEAVE FRANCE. OIL COST BRITISH A RECORD \$1,400,000.





For lift Number Eight at Ruthies Run, Bethlehem supplied the steel pipe for the chairs and the steel rope. Designer and fabricator of the lift: Riblet Tramway Company, Spokane, Washington.

Steel whisks them up Aspen Mountain

The snow-covered slopes surrounding Aspen, Colorado, are a far richer bonanza than the silver lodes that drew miners here a century ago. Skiing is big business. The photograph shows one of the newest of eighteen lifts at Aspen that carries skiers up these spectacular mountains.

The chair frames in this lift are made from strong Bethlehem steel pipe, suspended from more than two miles of sinewy Bethlehem steel rope.

It's the great strength and dependability of steel that makes ski lifts so practical. Bethlehem makes steel in nearly every form . . . steel that goes into contemporary furniture, venetian blinds, automobile bodies, lawnmowers, and kitchen appliances.



BETHLEHEM STEEL

THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Rigid Restriction in Britain

In the U.S. the possible conflict between a free press's right to report criminal proceedings and a defendant's right to an unprejudiced trial is still the subject of a lively debate. In Britain that conflict has already been resolved in favor of the defendant. Once a suspect has been arrested and charged with a crime, newspaper accounts are largely confined to testimony at his trial. Now the new Labor government has announced its intent to make the restrictions more rigid than ever.

Sipping Blood. The prospect can hardly be pleasing to Fleet Street; painful experience has long since taught British papers the wisdom of living within the rules. After the 1949 arrest of John George Haigh, who was accused of killing women and sipping goblets of their blood, the Daily Mirror chose to publish all the available gory details. The paper took care to disassociate its accounts of the VAMPIRE HORROR IN LONDON from the Haigh story, but no one was really deceived. Haigh was convicted and executed, but as a result of his suit against the Mirror, the newspaper was fined \$40,000 and an editor went to jail.

The new proposal to strengthen the rules stems from a 1958 inquiry into the rights of criminal defendants, which the government dusted off without warning or explanation. If the proposal becomes law, Fleet Street will be prohibited from even reporting pretrial arraignments—the first court step in an accused man's progress to the dock. This fresh threat to journalistic freedom drew only a scattered response. The Guardian seconded the government's motion: "It is obvious that jurors who sit to hear a case in which evidence on one side has already been widely reported are not coming to court with a wholly open mind." The Times, on the other hand, demurred. To bar the press from arraignments, it said, would only prevent publication of a "fair and accurate summary of evidence"; it would not control the "distorted and half-understood gossip" that leaks from all such proceedings.

U.S. Press Bothered. The Times could have found its attitude supported by just about any paper in the U.S., where the press responds energetically to any suggestion of regimentation. Aware that state after state is trying to keep prosecutors, police and defense lawyers from talking to reporters, and bothered by the fact that Oregon's Senator Wayne Morse has introduced a press-restriction bill in Washington, the American Newspaper Publishers Association announced last week the formation of a Committee on Free Press and Fair Trial. Said Gene Robb, A.N.P.A. president and publisher of the Albany,

N.Y., Times-Union and Knickerbocker News: "The few instances where those rights appear to be in conflict should be resolved without any loss of our liberties."

Censoring Sex

As movie after movie offers ever more explicit sex, their teasing ads continue to nudge the boundaries of good taste. On the Los Angeles Times, those perimeters have been patrolled for the past four years by a two-man screening

the next. Copy plugging a movie title, *The Cave Girls* read "See What the Girls Did 50,000 B.C. (Before Clothes) (Costumes by Mother Nature)"—but only in Hearst's Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. In the Times the ad came out: "See What the Girls Did 50,000 B.C. () ()." Even film titles are now subject to scrubbing. *Playmates for the Candidate*, read the title of Mamie Van Doren's newest film, as edited by the Times. Originally the picture was called *Patty Girls for the Candidate*.

Reader complaints about movie ads were a principal reason for the Times's



TIMES MOVIE AD JAN. 24
The girls in 50,000 B.C. did () ().



TIMES MOVIE AD JAN. 25

board that has let few slips show. Now the Times is determined to mount a tougher guard than ever.

Henceforth, decreed Assistant Display Advertising Manager Marvin Reimer, 52, the Times will reject all copy or pictures dealing with "burlesque, bust measurements, couples in bed, excessive cleavage, horizontal embrace, nude figures or silhouettes, nymphomania, promotional use of the word 'sin,' vulgar anatomical displays." Lest that list missed anything, Reimer also embargoed "violations of normal moral standards."

The advisory, sent to stage and screen accounts, also included a lexicon of forbidden words and phrases: "cuties, flesh-a-scope, girlie, homosexual, immorality, lesbian, lust, naked, nothing on, nudies, nudist camp, nymphs, party girls, pervert, play girls, professional girls, prostitutes, rape, scanty panties, seduce, skin-a-scope, sex, sex rituals, sexpot, sexualsation, strippers, third sex."

The Times has been as good as Reimer's word. In one movie ad, the picture of a couple in passionate horizontal embrace was rotated 90° and ran vertically in the Times—in compliance with the paper's upright code. Another ad filled with misspelled suggestion ran in the Times one day—and was censored

purser code. "We are convinced that moral and social values have not decayed as frequently portrayed," Reimer told advertisers, "and we trust that together we can find a better standard of values in the area of 'good taste.'"

Competition in Milwaukee

Toni and Ray McBride live in suburban Wauwatosa, Wis., outside Milwaukee, and have been happily married for 19 years. Professionally they get along like enemies—which they are. "When I call the office," says Toni, who covers women in politics for the Milwaukee Sentinel, "I go over to a neighbor's house or do it while Ray is walking the dog." Her husband, an assistant city editor on Milwaukee's other paper, the Journal, is even more secretive. The McBrides recently lost a relative of some prominence—he was mayor of Green Bay—but Toni did not know it until she read the Journal. Ray kept the news from her until his paper had the obituary in print.

Different Hangouts. A competitive spirit strong enough to affect husband and wife is not only rare, it is practically unheard of where newspaper competition among publishers does not exist at all. Since 1962 the Sentinel has



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RAY & TONI MCBRIDE

She calls the office; Ray walks the dog.

belonged to the Journal, which bought it for \$3,000,000 from the Hearst newspaper chain. Until then, the morning Sentinel had seemed content to play listless second fiddle to the long-dominant evening paper, which has 384,000 daily circulation to the Sentinel's 170,000. Since the merger, the Sentinel has acted like a feisty kid trying to beat out big brother.

In the Journal building's fourth-floor cafeteria, Sentinel and Journal staffers sit, by choice, at separate tables; after hours they tinkle at different hangouts. One week, when Sentinel Reporter Bob Dishon was offered an advance copy of the city's new \$111 million community-renewal program on the condition that he hold the story until 11 Saturday morning, Dishon refused; the release time was too late for the Saturday morning Sentinel, but it would nicely accommodate the evening Journal. Scrambling furiously, Dishon pieced the story together from other sources and published it in the Saturday paper, hours ahead of the Journal.

More Fun. The new rivalry is very much the doing of Journal Publisher and President Victor Irwin ("Dutch") Maier, 65, who felt that competition would benefit both papers. After the merger, the Journal hands who crossed over—among them Assistant Managing Editor Harvey W. Schwandner, now the Sentinel's executive editor—were told that the last thing Dutch Maier wanted was a morning edition of the Journal. "No other two-paper operation that I know about," says Lindsay Hoben, Journal editor and vice president, "grants the autonomy that our papers have." The facts bear him out. Last year, for example, the Sentinel endorsed Goldwater, the Journal Johnson.

To its grant of complete editorial in-

dependence, the Sentinel has responded by becoming what it seldom was under Hearst: a look-alive newspaper. After publication of a 1963 series on unequal representation in Wisconsin county governments, the Sentinel was dissatisfied with the volume of public indignation. A suit subsequently brought by two Sentinel editors won a Wisconsin Supreme Court decision ordering reapportionment of the boards of supervisors in 70 of the state's 72 counties.

Last month the Sentinel scored another legal victory, this time against Milwaukee Police Chief Harold A. Breier. After getting wind of alleged police shenanigans—ticket fixing by cops and an after-hours party in a bowling alley that was heavily attended by blue uniforms—Sentinel newsmen sought out Chief Breier. His response was to refuse access to the departmental orders from which the reporters could have gathered the names of the offenders. That was last spring. The paper took the matter to court, where Breier's departmental records were ordered restored to public scrutiny.

Today, far from feeling inferior to the Journal, the Sentinel feels only challenged. "It's more fun being second, I think," says Sentinel Women's Editor Coleen Dishon, who, like her husband, voluntarily shifted over from the Journal. "Like Avis, we try harder."

Running out of Bypower

In Japan, the custom of supplying the newspaper reader with two editions a day, seven days a week—once before *asa-gohan* (breakfast) and again before *yū-gohan*—goes back nearly a century. Last week, whatever paper they read, Japan's subscribers were managing to get along without every other Sunday-evening edition.

The publishers' mutual decision to lop off two Sunday-evening issues a month was prompted by their necessity. The papers were simply running low on bypower. The supply of newsboys who plod their routes day after day is declining along with the country's population, and the press is confronted with a chronic and growing shortage of young carriers. To compound the problem, the newsboys, less than satisfied with an average take of \$13 a month, have been steadily defecting for better pay elsewhere in the country's boom economy.

Despite the drop in deliveries, the papers held the monthly subscription rate at \$1.25; and to their relief, they drew only scattered murmurs of complaint. At Asahi Shimbun, the country's biggest daily (circ. \$1,000,000), only 20 or so subscribers, said an executive, "registered unhappiness." By such evidence of reader imperturbability, the association was encouraged to hint that even greater deprivations are in store. Before the year is out, said a spokesman, the Sunday paper in its entirety, morning and evening, may be a thing of the past in Japan.



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(When you need something for your business. Or you want people to buy something from your business.)

Let your fingers (and your customer's) do the walking through the Yellow Pages.

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THE LAW

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

Round 1 to Proposition 14

Negroes were stunned last fall when Californians voted 2 to 1 for "Proposition 14"—a constitutional amendment voiding state laws against housing discrimination. The amendment affirms the right of any property owner "to decline to sell, lease or rent such property to such person or persons as he, in his absolute discretion, chooses." Arguing that the amendment amounts to approval of racial discrimination, N.A.A.C.P. lawyers are trying to get it declared unconstitutional. Last week they got their first court decision—and lost.

The suit was filed in Sacramento against Crawford Miller, an insurance investigator and landlord who seeks to evict Clifton Hill and his family from

amendment, Gallagher said it simply resumes California's former "neutrality in these matters" and restores to private property owners "an absolute freedom of choice in the disposition of their private property."

Not surprisingly, the N.A.A.C.P. is appealing to the state's highest court. It is also working on other test cases, and is determined if necessary to give the Supreme Court a crack at California's constitutional conundrum.

THE SUPREME COURT

Esponsing Easier Escheat

Each year billions of dollars' worth of property is abandoned all over the U.S. When that property is something as tangible as buildings or land, there is no question about who takes it over.



JUDGE GALLAGHER



THE HILLS

When is discrimination constitutional?



LANDLORD MILLER

their \$86-a-month apartment solely because he wants "to rent said premises to members of the Caucasian race." Defendant Miller says the new amendment gives him that right. Plaintiff Hill emphatically disagrees, citing the equal-protection clause of the U.S. Constitution's 14th Amendment.

In his lengthy opinion, Superior Court Judge William Gallagher first seemed to duck the issue by ruling that the suit should have been filed in municipal court. But then he said that the plaintiff was wrong anyhow because the 14th Amendment forbids only state-enforced discrimination in public accommodations. While the state itself may not discriminate against Negroes, he said, the 14th Amendment entitles a U.S. citizen "to discriminate for any reason whatever in his private conduct subject to properly enacted statutory limitations."

If a court refused to support Landlord Miller, said Judge Gallagher, it would violate Miller's private property rights under the due-process clause of the 14th Amendment. As for the new state

The state in which it is located gets it through "escheat," a feudal doctrine by which the land of a man who died without heirs reverted to the original grantor, or lord of the manor. But escheat (from the Latin *ex cadere*, to fall out) raises prickly problems with such abandoned intangible property as unclaimed checks because the debts involved have no one physical location. Which state is entitled to escheat a debt owed by a company incorporated in New Jersey, with main offices in Pennsylvania, to a person who once lived in Texas but whose last known address was in Florida?

4¢ Problem. Last week, in a Texas suit involving three other states,⁹ the Supreme Court issued a milestone escheat rule that finally made sense out

⁹ The Constitution's Article III gives the court "original" (initial) jurisdiction over all cases between states. Only last week, the court permitted Nebraska to sue Iowa over 15,000 acres that Nebraska claimed Iowa stole along their mutual boundary, the Missouri River.

of chaos. At issue was \$26,461.65, mainly in unclaimed checks (including one for 4¢), that Sun Oil Co. has owed to 1,730 small creditors for as long as 40 years. The decision will ultimately affect the country's \$15 billion of abandoned intangibles, which are growing at the rate of \$1 billion a year.

Texas claimed the Sun Oil money because the debts are either on the books of Sun's two Texas offices, or are owed to persons whose last known addresses were in Texas. New Jersey claimed it because Sun is incorporated in that state. Pennsylvania claimed it because Sun's main offices are in that state. Florida said it should get whatever was owed to debtors whose last known addresses were in Florida. As for Sun, all it wanted was freedom from double liability, assurance that it would not have to pay the same debt to more than one state.

Fair Formula. Speaking for the court, Justice Hugo Black rejected Texas' claim as the state having the most "contacts" with the debt. To follow that rule would saddle the court with endless case-by-case litigation, said Black. New Jersey's claim as the debtor's domicile would "too greatly exalt a minor factor," while Pennsylvania's main-office argument might force the court to tot up the space or staff in one branch office after another.

Black adopted Florida's suggestion that "since a debt is property of the creditor, not of the debtor, fairness among the states requires that the right and power to escheat the debt should be accorded to the state of the creditor's last known address." All this takes is a look at the company books. Though "not entirely one of logic," said Black, Florida's escheat rule is easiest to apply and will save countless court fights in the future.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

After Escobedo

In one landmark decision after another, the Supreme Court has been extending the constitutional rights of state criminal defendants. Such decisions frequently confront lower courts with two puzzling questions: Do they apply to all crimes? Do they apply retroactively to already convicted criminals?

Latest case in point is *Escobedo v. Illinois*. In 1960, Chicago police questioned a 20-year-old Mexican laborer named Danny Escobedo until he admitted complicity in his brother-in-law's slaying. The police never advised Danny of his right to remain silent; he was not allowed to consult his lawyer. Because the lawyer had previously told him not to talk, however, Danny's confession was ruled voluntary. He was sentenced to 20 years for first-degree murder. The state's highest court also saw the confession as voluntary, and refused to toss it out merely because Danny was denied counsel when he made it.

In reversing Danny's conviction last

June," the Supreme Court sharply extended the right to counsel by ruling that it begins when police start grilling a prime suspect. Suspects are now entitled to the physical presence of a lawyer as soon as "the process shifts from investigatory to accusatory—when its focus is on the accused and its purpose is to elicit a confession." And predictably, state courts have already found themselves grappling with *Escobedo's* scope and retroactivity. Items:

► In Providence, *Escobedo* has just reached down as far as traffic offenses in the case of José Gonsalves, 33, a Portuguese alien, whose car was involved in a collision at a Providence intersection. A policeman asked Gonsalves if he had stopped before proceeding with caution past a flashing red traffic light. When Gonsalves said no, the cop issued an on-the-spot summons. Because the cop failed to warn Gonsalves that he did not have to answer



DANNY ESCOBEDO

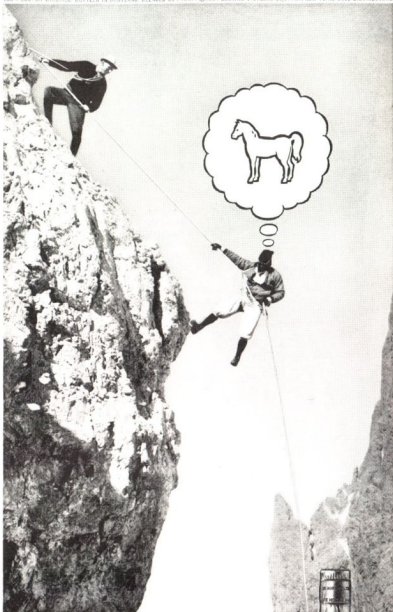
How far can a landmark go?

and could consult a lawyer. Police Court Judge Peter K. Rosedale sprung him. *Escobedo*, said the judge, reaches "even overtime parking. I feel such misdemeanors are, in a technical sense, crimes. The same constitutional rights apply to the most minor misdemeanor as to the most serious felony."

► The California Supreme Court has just refused to apply *Escobedo* retroactively in a murder case. The court saw *Escobedo* as aimed at "drying up sources of coercion in the future," but not applying to prisoners convicted before the decision. "To require a general release of prisoners of undoubted guilt would be to cripple the orderly administration of the criminal laws." The New Jersey Supreme Court has made a similar decision. Whether the U.S. Supreme Court agrees remains to be seen.

* He was released in August for lack of any evidence corroborating his now inadmissible confession. Last week he filed a suit against the police for violation of his civil rights during 4½ years in jail.

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MODERN LIVING

FASHION

The Inter-Aeon Game

In its second week of spring and summer showings, Parisian *haute couture* managed to sashay back to the hip-flask era, blast off into far-outer space, and keep fashion pundits' necks swiveling as if they were covering an inter-aeon Davis Cup match.

The hip flask was passed by Captain Edward Molyneux, making his return to fashion at 71, after 15 years devoted to painting. His collection evoked memories of the days when Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Gertrude Lawrence and the Duchess of Kent—all faithful Molyneux clients—were Everyman's symbols of feminine elegance.

Molyneux is a curious hybrid. An Englishman whose line is Arc de Triomphe, never Marble Arch, he is the Parisian equivalent of Manhattan's Mainbocher, a classicist devoted to the soft look and tailored line. Let others raise hems to the heavens; for Molyneux, knee-length skirts are no less "absolutely vulgar" today than in 1928, when he first said so. The new Molyneux collection was unabashedly old-fashioned, and it drew both snippish sniffs ("Typically British," deplored the London Daily Telegraph) and soulful sighs ("The style and taste are still there," cooed the Daily Mail).

Designer André Courrèges, by contrast, showed a collection that was more like a countdown, with models' hair cropped to the cranium, their faces often masked behind huge white plastic goggles, and a display of far-out fashions that swung down the runways to the way-in heat of progressive jazz. As befits the designer who is known as the idea man of the Paris collections, Cour-

règes came through with eye-poppers aplenty—flesh-colored leotards beneath embroidered net slacks, ten-gallon hats, skirts cut three inches above the knee—gimmicky, but none of them too gimmicky to detract from an integral purity of line and shape.

Other designers' offerings ran true to form: Grès' intricate chiffons, Castillo's long slim crepes, Capucci's stiff white collars, Pierre Cardin still reigned as Lord High Poohbah of Limp, displayed a group of floppy fashions and judged the season's loveliest. But with the Big Three—St. Laurent, Balenciaga and Givenchy—still three weeks away from showtime, the season was less past than prelude. The shape of things to come may still be drastically altered—but so, of course, can dresses already ordered.

THE CITY

Tomb with a View

Rozzano in northern Italy boasts only 9,000 souls, but work started last week on twin, 20-story skyscrapers that will eventually add 14,000 dead citizens to the town's population.

The cemetowers were designed by pretty, blonde Milanese Architect Nanda Vigo, 28, who was commissioned by Rozzano's city fathers to design a conventional cemetery. Attracted by her plan for saving scarce land and even scarcer money, the city sounded out the Vatican, received an immediate *nilhil obstat*, Rozzano's citizenry, though normally wary of innovation, also showed surprising enthusiasm for the idea.

"Dying is expensive in Italy," explains Architect Vigo. "In Milan a burial plot costs over \$3,000 and is guaranteed only for ten years. In the towers we can give a family a vault for about

100 DRAZ FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

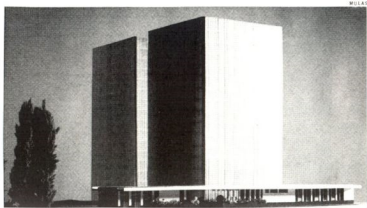


GERTRUDE LAWRENCE (1931)



MOLYNEUX FASHION (1965)

Arc de Triomphe, never Marble Arch.



ROZZANO CEMETOWERS (ARCHITECT'S MODEL)
Penthouse available, and better than being buried.

\$150, and it will remain theirs as long as the building remains."

In front of the windowless concrete towers, which will be only four stories to begin with, she has designed a one-story, 250-ft.-long building to serve as reception room, chapel, viewing room and custodian quarters. In the cemetowers, each floor will be divided into four sections containing three tiers of vaults which will be so well insulated that "they will preserve the body far better than if it were buried."

The towers are designed so they can be added to as needed. For the stageminded who are willing to stake \$150 that they will live that long, vault reservations in the yet-to-be-built tower penthouses are already available at no extra cost. Says Architect Vigo: "All my friends are already asking for reservations in the towers. And the nice thing about this kind of job is that I already know where I'll end up."

HIGHWAY

Help!

Tooling along the freeway at rush hour, with cars whooshing around him like jet-propelled lemmings, the homebound commuter is 20.34 minutes from the carport when glunk!—his engine expires. Or else sudden snow turns a mountain road to meringue, or the fuel gauge comes up *E* in the midst of the desert, 25 miles after that road sign, NEXT SERVICE STATION 50 MILES.

Compared to the driver's plight in such situations, Ulysses' voyage home was a pleasure cruise. "The life expectancy of a stranded driver walking on an expressway," said an official of Detroit's Automobile Manufacturers' Association last week, "is perhaps 30 seconds." His expectancy is diminishing constantly as superhighways lace the land, bypassing towns, eliminating crossroad garages.

To cope with the problem, the A.M.A. has urged the Federal Communications Commission to allot two citizens' band radio channels for the sole use of drivers in distress, whose

calls for assistance would be monitored by highway patrol or sheriff's offices.

Two-way transceiver radios, similar to those used by radio-dispatched taxis, have a range of about 20 miles in the country, cost about \$75. Thus equipped, the motor association pointed out, the beleaguered motorist would have only to "pull over, roll up the windows, lock the doors, and start talking." He would not even have to cry HELP! for that is what the program would be called. Short, of course, for Highway Emergency Locating Plan.

CUSTOMS

I Dreamt I Was in Jo'burg

When an Afrikaner looks at a girl and sighs, "Ah, a 38!" he is less apt to be ogling statistics than calculating calibers. More than 27,000 white women in South Africa these days belong to pistol clubs, and many thousands more go armed. The latest boon for pistol-packing mommas is a lightweight leather holster that clips on any brassière and facilitates an Instant Oakley draw in case of trouble.

The designers, Johannesburg's François Joubert and Willem Taylor, both 27, say that 900 distaff Dillons in Kansas City, Chicago, Paris and Gibraltar have ordered the bra, which at \$4.55 (including detachable covers in colors, as well as lessons in the handling of guns) has attracted 525 South African buyers since late last year. Joubert and Taylor are urging local fashion houses to manufacture special blouses for easier holster attachment, arguing "a figure that attracts an admirer can attract an attacker too."

Not all women agree. "Any girl with a good figure will have a man around to protect her," sniffs a Johannesburg model. Other women protest that a bra holster makes them appear top-heavy on the portside. To which Britain's staid *Tailor & Cutter* added archly: "A couple of hand grenades would seem more esthetic." Joubert and Taylor are unworried. They have nothing to fear but the topless dress.

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THE THEATER

Stanislavsky's Ghosts

Dead Souls, by Nikolai Gogol. When the Stanislavsky-directed Moscow Art Theater last appeared in New York in 1924, it was the apostle of a new dramatic naturalism bent on depicting man with all his mental warts, body aches and soul pains. For U.S. actors it was a kind of Magna Carta, freeing them from stilted and artificial stage conventions. In more recent years, the Stanislavsky Method has suffered the old age of any revolution, which is to become a religion. The esthetic irony of the Moscow troupe's reappearance on the Broadway scene is that 41 years have effected a



BELOKUROV IN "DEAD SOULS"
Embalmed revolution.

reversal of roles. It is the Russian actor who now appears to be all surface, a musty relic of the past, embalmed in the stylized rituals of ballet and the overstatements of vaudeville. By contrast the American actor performs his abiding task, which is the intense psychological probing of every nuance of inner torment.

Gogol was one of those writers who take up their country's venality as their cross. The closest U.S. equivalent of *Dead Souls* is Herman Melville's *The Confidence Man*. Gogol's confidence man is Chichikov (Vladimir Belokurov), an on-the-make bureaucrat who haggles with miserly and drunken aristocrats for their dead serfs (listed on the government tax rolls as alive) so that he may pose as a propertied man, float a mortgage loan, and make a fashionable marriage. Just as murder is war in miniature, Gogol's Chichikov is a comic common cold symbolizing all the perennial tragic sicknesses of Russia—but not in this hammy production. It looks as though the Soviet Establishment decided that when a masterpiece bites, one has to pull its satiric teeth.

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MONEY

De Gaulle v. the Dollar

Perhaps never before had a chief of state launched such an open assault on the monetary power of a friendly nation. Nor had anyone of such stature made so sweeping a criticism of the international monetary system since its founding in 1944. There was Charles de Gaulle last week proclaiming that the primacy of the dollar in international dealings was finished, calling for an eventual return to the gold standard—which the world's nations scrapped 50 years ago—and practically inviting other countries to follow France's lead and cash in their dollars for gold. It was a particularly nettling irritant just as the U.S. was deeply involved in making some hard decisions about its monetary policy.

The Drain. President Johnson faces the unpleasant task of producing what he calls "strong and specific" actions to deal with the persistent U.S. balance-of-payments deficit, a problem intimately related to gold. The President's advisers are still debating just how "strong" these imminent measures should be. There is a growing awareness, heightened by De Gaulle's offensive, that past attempts to close the payments gap have been mere palliatives—and that the problem has begun to undermine U.S. influence around the globe.

Just before De Gaulle spoke, Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon made the first public admission that the U.S. pay-

ments deficit in 1964 moved higher than anyone had expected. It totaled about \$3 billion, all of which the U.S. is legally committed to exchange for U.S. gold on demand. The Federal Reserve announced that the U.S. gold supply declined last week by \$100 million, to a 26-year low of \$15.1 billion.

France converted \$150 million into gold last month, plans another \$150 million conversion soon. Following that lead, Spain has quietly exchanged \$60 million of its dollar reserves for U.S. gold—the biggest such transaction of the Franco era. To free more gold to meet rising demand, a congressional committee last week approved President Johnson's proposal to eliminate the 25% gold backing now legally required for deposits held in the Federal Reserve System. But concern is growing in Washington that nations that have so far refrained from converting dollars out of consideration for the U.S. may cash them in for gold once the extra bullion becomes available—and thus send still more gold-laden truckloads rolling out of Fort Knox.

Signal Privilege. Into this tense situation stepped De Gaulle, disregarding his 1963 promise to support the present international monetary system, in which the dollar plays the dominant role and all free world trade is financed by a mix of dollars, British pounds and gold. The time has long since passed, he told a press conference (*see THE WORLD*), when the currencies of any one or two nations can enjoy "this signal privilege, this signal advantage." The present-day world, said De Gaulle, needs "an indisputable monetary base, and one that does not bear the mark of any particular country. In truth, one does not see how one could really have any standard criterion other than gold."

De Gaulle seemed to be calling for a somewhat modified form of the classical gold standard when he ambiguous-

ly recommended "complementary and transitory measures" to accompany it. Nonetheless, there was no doubting his intention: to promote his drive to reduce U.S. economic, military and cultural influence abroad.

Under a gold standard the U.S. would no longer be able to pay its foreign debts in dollars, but only in gold. U.S. businessmen would have to curtail their investments in foreign companies. (De Gaulle last week called such U.S. investments "a form of expropriation"). Until the U.S. balanced its payments in gold, American consumers would also have to reduce their purchases of foreign goods. Reason: since dollars would no longer be as good as gold, they would be cashed in abroad for gold as soon as spent. The U.S. would immediately become less potent in world economic affairs because, though it has twice the gross national product of the Common Market nations, it holds scarcely more gold than the Six.

Stern Discipline. Conscious no doubt of the irony involved in his unneighborly attack, De Gaulle christened his plan the "Golden Rule." What could be said for his proposal? The value of money would be guaranteed by the immutability of gold. In theory, the world monetary system would become more stable, less vulnerable to crises of confidence. By tying the money supply to gold, the system would prevent overspending. In the U.S. and Britain, which now can pay their deficits out of their own currencies, it would impose a stern fiscal discipline, curb deficit financing and do away with many of the excesses that lead to inflation and recessions. Among other things, it would force the U.S. to eliminate its balance-of-payments deficit quickly, by hook or by crook.

To counter criticism that the system would also paralyze international trade because of the global shortage of gold,



U.S.'S DILLON & IMF'S SCHWEITZER
An invitation to economic warfare.



BULLION CONVOY NEAR FORT KNOX
A new ruler for an old rule.

champions of the gold standard advocate another step that they consider necessary: to double or triple the \$35-an-ounce price of gold, thus vastly increasing the monetary reserves that finance world trade.

For the present at least, most of the world's leading economists, money managers and financiers believe that this golden future, however desirable in theory, is nearly impossible to achieve in practice. After De Gaulle's press conference, British and West German government leaders said that they took a dim view of a return to the gold standard. The U.S. Treasury declared that the scheme would produce economic warfare: nations would demand that their foreign debtors pay off fully and immediately in gold—and many countries would not have enough gold to go around. Many nations would then

Message two weeks ago, repeated six times that the U.S. is determined to hold gold at its current price.

New European Axis. De Gaulle probably does not really believe that the world will return to the gold standard. He has been much influenced by Jacques Rueff, his economic mentor and probably the world's foremost proponent of a return to gold; Rueff greeted De Gaulle's blast last week as "an invitation to a common enterprise that will deliver the West from an absurd monetary system." But De Gaulle, however much he may admire the theory, is an artist of the possible, and he is probably using the threat of a gold standard in hopes of pressuring the U.S. and Britain into accepting lesser changes in the monetary system favorable to France. For the past six months he has been urging the creation of a new international re-

necessary, a sharp reduction of U.S. troop strength in Europe. These proposals have been hotly debated at a series of secret meetings in the White House. The State Department is dead set against foreign aid cuts or troop withdrawals, and the Commerce Department argues that restrictions on investment would destroy the U.S.'s reputation as the world's freest capital market. The White House figures that a "head tax" on outward-bound tourists would be political poison.

Johnson's Compromise. The State Department believes, in fact, that a \$3 billion payments deficit should not really bother a nation that boasts both a \$650 billion economy and twice as much in claims against foreign currencies as foreigners have against the dollar. It argues that the U.S. could reduce the deficit by \$500 million simply by counting short-term foreign deposits in the U.S. as assets instead of liabilities. Strong support for this optimistic view came last week from Pierre-Paul Schweitzer, the managing director of the International Monetary Fund and the world's top currency controller. "A more realistic assessment would somewhat lower the figures for the overall deficit," he said. "The structure of the U.S. balance of payments is one of underlying strength."

With his usual preference for compromise, President Johnson had decided early last week on some fairly mild prescriptions. These were to include a slight tightening of the domestic money supply to prevent dollars from flowing abroad, a tax on loans by U.S. banks abroad, and a jawbone campaign to persuade U.S. businessmen to reduce their foreign investments. De Gaulle's bombshell may have convinced the President that tougher action is needed. In any case, official Washington agrees with De Gaulle on at least one point: some changes should be made in a world monetary system that puts the U.S. under such strain.

TRADE

Arms & the Salesman

Devising major modern weapons has become such an expensive business that few nations can afford to get into it alone. Result: many of them in the free world are coming shopping in the U.S. The trend not only saves them a lot of money but creates business for U.S. corporations and helps the U.S. balance of payments problem by partially offsetting the high cost of the American military presence around the world. Last week even Britain put the pressure of escalating defense costs ahead of national pride; the Labor government decided to abandon the development of two military planes and instead buy U.S. models already in production.

In place of its projected HS-681 transport, Britain will buy some 50 C-130 Hercules turboprop transports from



RUEFF



MARTIN



TRIFFIN

The golden theory clashes with practice.

have to embargo gold, raise tariffs, restrict trade. At a recent meeting in Bellagio, Italy, 30 of the world's top 32 international economists opposed a return to the gold standard.

The great majority of economists and financiers also reject the idea of an increase in the price of gold—in effect, devaluation of all the world's currencies. Says Yale's Robert Triffin, a ranking gold expert: "It would help unfriendly nations and hurt our friends, and lead to the collapse of international monetary cooperation." The biggest gold producers, South Africa and Russia, would be helped; their gold would immediately become worth two or three times what it is now. The countries that have helped the U.S. by holding large amounts of dollars in reserve would be hurt, especially Germany, Japan and Canada.

Moreover, since Congress normally would have to debate and vote on changes in the price of gold, many holders of dollars would rush to cash them in for gold. In theory, revaluation of gold could be prepared in secret by all nations concerned and announced simultaneously. In practice, economists believe, this might be nearly impossible to carry out. For all these reasons, President Johnson, in his Economic

serve currency called the "eru" (for collective reserve unit), which would give greater weight to gold and more financial power to nations with heavy gold supplies. The U.S. has opposed it, but De Gaulle's attack on the dollar may force Washington to reconsider.

High officials of the Federal Reserve Board believe that De Gaulle, aided by Spain's Franco, is trying to form a new European axis designed to embarrass and weaken the U.S. by attacking the dollar. To buttress the dollar, Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr. has been strongly urging President Johnson to move swiftly and dramatically to wipe out the deficit in the balance of payments. "Some way or other, something has to be done," Martin said recently. "It is important that we face up to the fact that we have become a chronic defeciteer—and that leaves us in a weak position."

Martin, Douglas Dillon and Budget Director Kermit Gordon are lobbying for measures that would drastically affect the nation's foreign and domestic policies. Among the proposals that one or all three of them have forwarded: an exit tax of \$50 or \$100 per person to discourage tourism abroad, direct controls on U.S. investments abroad, a further cutback in foreign aid and, if

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Lockheed; instead of British P-1154 supersonic fighters, it will order about 150 F-4 Phantoms from McDonnell Aircraft. While the decision will add to Britain's worrisome balance of payments deficit, Prime Minister Harold Wilson estimated that it will save \$840 million over the next ten years. Wilson postponed an even bigger decision: whether to scrap development of the British TSR-2 strike bomber in favor of General Dynamics' F-111 (originally TFX) fighter. But he grumbled loudly at the "prodigious" cost of the British plane—as much as a prewar battleship.

Widening Sales. Last year, quite aside from U.S. military aid, foreign nations paid \$1.1 billion in cash for U.S. military hardware, about 40% of what the U.S. spent overseas in defense of the Western world. Now the Pentagon is widening its sales push to some 60 nations whose economies are strong enough so that they can help finance their own security. This year the program is expected to bring a 25% increase in orders for everything from missiles to navigation gear.

Spain recently agreed to buy 70 F-5 jet fighters from Northrop Corp. for \$47 million; the planes were originally developed for distribution to U.S. allies under military-assistance pacts. Canada, on the verge of ordering 200 F-5s, is debating whether to switch to the costlier McDonnell F-4, whose interceptor model is the hottest in the U.S. inventory, or to the Douglas A-4E Skyhawk, which can land on a carrier. Australia has decided to buy ten Lockheed P-3 Orion antisubmarine planes. West Germany, whose purchases account for nearly half of U.S. foreign arms sales so far, has agreed to buy three guided-missile destroyers for \$150 million each.

The man behind the Pentagon's sales effort is Henry J. Kuss Jr., 42, a New York City-born economist whose formidable title is Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Logistics Negotiations. His 27-man staff does not try to palm off expensive weapons systems on a country, instead studies foreign strategies and figures out what new U.S. arms or equipment could help most. The staff has much to choose from, chiefly because U.S. military research spending totals more than \$3 billion a year v. only \$400 million in Britain, \$180 million in Germany, \$175 million in France.

Long-Range Aim. Much of the equipment is manufactured abroad under licensing agreements that produce royalties for U.S. firms. Lockheed is building 1,896 F-104 Starfighters for foreign nations, most of them in Italy, Germany, The Netherlands, Belgium and Canada. Britain plans to put Rolls-Royce engines in its McDonnell F-4s. Such arrangements not only bolster the economies of buying countries but also fit the long-range U.S. aim of standardizing military hardware among its allies. Kuss figures that by 1967 foreign purchases of military goods will offset half the nation's defense spending abroad.

AUTOS

End of a Cliffhanger

Because of its practice of bringing out each year's models in the preceding fall, the auto industry usually has clues long before January about how well or badly the new year will treat it. But last fall's automobile strikes distorted customary sales patterns, first cutting sales badly, then pushing them unrealistically high in December, when overtime production helped fill a huge order backlog. To Detroit, January became the vital, cliffhanging month to watch. Last week the January results came in. Although still somewhat inflated by

54.5% to 54.1%, and little American Motors, which dropped from 5.6% to 4%. A.M.C.'s hopes for increasing its share were buoyed slightly this week by the introduction of its racy fastback Marlin.

New Niche. Among the industry's 33 name plates, the most spectacular performer in January was Ford's sporty Mustang, which carved out 5.1% of the market although it was introduced only last April. Another newcomer, Chrysler's fastback Barracuda, established a 0.6% niche for itself. Plymouth made an impressive improvement over its January 1964 market share, adding 1.5%. Buick won an additional 0.8%, Tempest and Chrysler 0.6% each, standard Ford 0.5% and Mercury 0.4%—all at the expense of the compacts and the cars with only modest styling changes, which continued to be the biggest losers. Because the auto sales total is so great, the percentage shifts only appear to be small; actually, every extra percentage point will be worth more than \$200 million in annual sales.

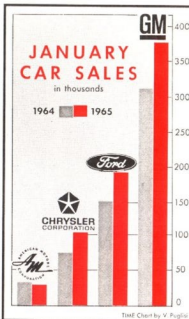
CORPORATIONS

Passing the Sweets

The American Tobacco Co.'s querulous George Washington Hill made his company famous with a classic slogan that urged women to "reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet." Whichever way they reach from now on, American Tobacco stands to benefit. Last week the nation's second largest cigarette maker (after R.J. Reynolds) moved to acquire Chicago's Consolidated Foods Corp. Consolidated is a vast (1964 sales: \$634 million) packer, distributor and retailer of foods whose sweets range from Sara Lee bakery products to Union Sugar and Shasta beverages.

American Tobacco has had a keen taste for just such a company. Earlier last week President Robert Barney Walker announced record American sales (\$1.2 billion) and earnings (\$73 million). Such income swelled an already bulging cash drawer. At the same time, with cigarettes under medical fire and new brands proliferating, the major tobacco companies have been anxiously diversifying. Two weeks ago, Reynolds announced that it would spend \$100 million to buy Penick & Ford Ltd., Inc., a corn-oil refiner whose products include My-T-Fine desserts, Vermont Malt syrup and Cocomaat. Liggett & Myers last year paid \$15 million for Alpo dog food. American's move was last, but by far the most spectacular.

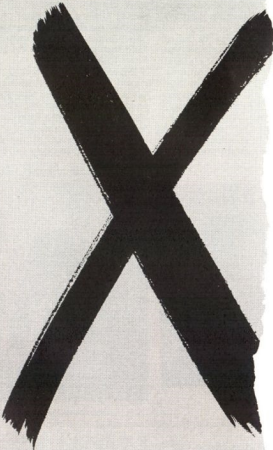
Why did Consolidated, which earned \$13.5 million last fiscal year and so far is doing 23% better this year, want to merge? In 20 years, Canadian-born Chairman Nathan Cummings, 68, formed Consolidated into an efficiently linked empire, from packing plants and factories to 421 stores. Vacationing last week in Gstaad, Switzerland, Cummings observed that the merger would



backlog orders, auto sales were so extraordinarily good that 1965 promises to be another record auto year.

Correcting the Boss. U.S. automakers sold 693,323 passenger cars in January, fully 21% more than the January record set last year (see chart). The statistics were so impressive—Detroit greeted them almost in disbelief—that Lee Iacocca, Ford's new group vice president, had to correct a prediction made only last December by his boss, Henry Ford II. "Business is fantastic," said Iacocca. "We could well be looking at a 9,000,000-car year in 1965, including 500,000 imports. It could be that Mr. Ford will look like a bear with his 8,700,000 figures."

January's sales figures, relatively free from strike-caused distortions, also gave Detroit its first meaningful projection of the share each company and its cars will capture in the 1965 auto market. Chrysler chalked up the biggest market gain over January 1964, rising from 12.7% to 14.4%, and Ford increased its share from 26.2% to 27.4%. These gains were made at the expense of G.M., whose share fell slightly from



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increase stock values for Consolidated shareholders (including himself), provide even better marketing skills for the food company. He insists that he will never retire. But acquaintances, pointing to his age (68), believe that he will welcome turning his creation over to another hard-gunning executive like American's Walker.

Another party is yet to be heard from. Both the Justice Department and Presidential Economic Adviser Gardner Ackley are eager to test the legality of "conglomerate mergers," in which large corporations with different product lines join to the possible disadvantage of small competitors. The American-Consolidated agreement seems large enough and important enough to be one that Washington might examine.



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have more
fun?

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Is It True Bristol Has More Fun?

Men say the chief good is health, beauty the second, wealth the third.

—Plato, 345 B.C.

Health and beauty is our business.

—F.N. Schwartz, 1965

By cultivating the first two goods, Frederic Schwartz's company has collected plenty of the third. Since he took charge in 1957 of the Bristol-Myers Co., whose attention to health and beauty is centered on products as varied as penicillin and Ipana, profits have risen an average of 20% a year and the company has become a Wall Street favorite. Last week Bristol-Myers reported that its earnings in 1964 jumped 21%, to \$23 million, as sales rose 15% to \$265 million.

How does Bristol-Myers do it? Schwartz, a balding and white-fringed executive of 58, runs the company by several credos. One is to blanket three expansive consumer markets—prescription drugs, over-the-counter drugs and beauty preparations—with Bristol-Myers products. Another is to pit the company's major divisions against one another by bringing out several types of the same product; thus Bristol-Myers

markets a variety of hair tonics (Vitalis, Score, Fitch, Vitapointe), cold pills (Bromo-Quinine, Clinicin, 4-Way) and deodorants (Mum, Ban, Trig). Still another Schwartz principle is to stimulate in his subordinates what he calls "the constant abrasive of disagreement." His top men, most of them in the 40s, are distinctly non-sycophantic. "They argue with me," says Schwartz, "and they keep me working as hard as I ever have in my life."

Blonde Lipstick. Schwartz is preoccupied with the drug market partly because he suffered from tuberculosis as a child, fell three years behind in school in Springfield, Mass.; later he went to work as a salesman for a surgical-instruments company. Rejected by both the Army and the Navy in World War



BRISTOL-MYERS' SCHWARTZ

II, he joined up as a Pentagon civilian, headed the Army's blood-plasma and whole-blood programs, and eventually won a lieutenant colonel's leaf. In 1945 he joined Bristol-Myers, a business that had begun to grow arthritic, later became the first non-Bristol to boss the once family-run firm.

Schwartz built up the firm's ethical-drugs division, bought his way to strength in proprietary drugs and toiletries by acquiring Grove Laboratories and Clairol. The biggest supplier to the nation's bottle blondes ("Is it true . . . blondes have more fun?"), Clairol is test-marketing a line of lipsticks, nail polishes and other cosmetics keyed to its hair colors. In a business of tough competitors and fickle customers, Schwartz spends \$10 million yearly to develop new products, more than \$75 million on advertising. Among Bristol-Myers' contributions to American civilization: the first buffered aspirin (Bufferin), the first non-peroxide hair coloring (Born Blonde), the first roll-on deodorant (Ban).

No Perfect Product. Competitors score their own firsts too, and Bristol-Myers responds by openly imitating them. It is bringing out Mum in an

aerosol can to compete with Gillette's Right Guard. Schwartz has about ten products in the secret stage of development, but professes disappointment that his scientists have failed to devise the perfect product. "After all," he smiles, "we still don't have a pill to cure death or cussedness." He has, however, made a start on the latter: one of his major prescription drugs contains a tranquilizing agent.

BANKING

Checks in Braille

Checking services in U.S. banks range from automatic bill paying to zebra-striped checkbooks. But until now the banks have largely ignored the special needs of the 1,000,000 present or potential customers who are blind. Last week Manhattan's Chemical Bank New York Trust Co. produced a solution to one difficult problem of the sightless: how to write a check without aid. The bank showed off a Braille checkwriter that consists of an aluminum plate into which the sightless insert a special check. Guided by cutouts in the device, they can write the necessary data. There are also 35 perforated Braille openings through which the blind can record the information for their own checkbook balancing. Monthly statements will be sent out in Braille.

DIVIDENDS

Raises for the Stockholders

As corporate indicators go, earnings are usually proof of what has been, dividends an indication of what is yet to be. Even in strong years, companies seldom raise dividends unless they feel able to justify the increase by favorable prospects. Last year General Motors chalked up the highest corporate earnings in history; anticipating an even better 1965, G.M. last week raised its quarter-year dividend rate from 65¢ a share to 75¢.

G.M.'s decision also indicated broad confidence in the economy, and many other companies shared its mood. In January, 203 corporations raised their dividends v. 183 a year earlier, according to Standard & Poor's. Among them: Union Carbide, Socony Mobil, Lockheed Aircraft, International Harvester, Coca-Cola, Allied Chemical, American & Foreign Power and Lukens Steel. General Dynamics, which has not paid a dividend in 44 months, last week announced that it will resume quarterly 25¢ payments.

One quarter scarcely makes a year, but 1965 nonetheless seems destined to surpass 1964, when a record 1,958 companies increased their dividends and total cash payments rose to \$19.8 billion. Reason: in addition to higher sales, most companies are retaining more earnings, getting higher investment tax credits and depreciation allowances, and benefiting from continuing corporate tax cuts.

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AFRICA

Architects for the Developing

Some emerging nations seem convinced that they can best establish status by expelling or jailing American diplomats. An increasing number, fortunately, have found a more useful path to national pride: hiring foreign architects to design government buildings, hospitals, universities and even cities. To meet this demand, a colony of American firms has sprung up in Rome, which offers the nearest reservoir of technical talent and the best transportation to the

speed, diplomacy, language fluency and building techniques that can easily be learned by local unskilled labor. Aware that traditional European architectural styles evoke unpleasant memories of the colonial era, the architects concentrate on ultramodern styles. They also avoid native themes; new nations resent being considered quaint.

Speed is essential. "In Africa," says Robert McMillan, "governments often assume that once you get a commission the building will start popping out of the ground in a few days." Anxious to oblige, McMillan Associates began making preliminary drawings for one of its first jobs—the University of Lagos—in April 1963, worked hard to get construction under way by the following September. But the architects cannot always cater to their clients' demands. Whiting Associates' President Edmund Whiting rejects proposals by new nations for massive hospitals with sophisticated equipment, fights for acceptance of more modest facilities. "We could take their money," he explains, "but they would be losers in the end."

From Camels to Ju-Ju. Architecture for emerging nations has its own set of special problems. In designing houses, architects must often plan not only enough bedrooms for parents and children but also space for the family's camel and goats. Buildings in Libya require weather stripping and storm windows to keep sand from blowing in. African buildings must be equipped with insect shields, and bird and snake screens. Excavation sites are usually sterilized to kill voracious African bugs that can even bore through concrete.

In Moslem countries, the architects must build slaughterhouses so that animals die facing Mecca, but they have learned that it is an unpardonable sin to install a toilet facing in that direction. Moslem hospitals must be designed so that men and women can be strictly separated at all times. Projects are often delayed by revolutions, *coups d'état*, bureaucracy and corruption. In Africa, the architects have had to abandon some carefully selected building sites at the last minute. Reason: local witch doctors considered them "bad ju-ju."

INDIA

Slow Death by Taxes

India's top industrialists are normally a tight-lipped group. Forced to steer their organizations through the red tape and regulations of a government-dominated economy, they rarely sound off in public, disguise their occasional criticisms as quiet suggestions. Now, angrily and in public, they are issuing a warning to Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri's socialism-bent government: Cut taxes or see India's industrial growth halt completely.

Taxes have risen to such confiscatory

levels, charge the industrialists, that Indian investors are afraid to put money into new ventures or into the expansion of existing ones. Said India's No. 1 industrialist, J.R.D. Tata, at a New Delhi meeting: "No other country, including the most socialist countries, has resorted to such heavy, complicated and multiple burdens of taxation." As a result, added Steelman Tata, businessmen show "universal gloom, despondency and uncertainty about the future." K. P. Goenka, president of the powerful Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry, charged that the past 16 months have brought "no substantial additions to any major industry," and G. L. Mehta, chairman of the Indian Investment Center, complained that so many efforts to float stock issues have flopped that "underwriters have become undertakers."

The problem arose in 1963, when the government boosted individual income taxes by as much as 450% and tacked a "super-profits" tax ranging from 50% to 60% on top of what was left after an existing 50% corporate levy. If there was anything India's staggering economy did not need, it was new shackles. The country's third five-year plan, now in its 47th month, has failed so badly that food output has not kept pace with population growth. Unemployment is soaring, and per-capita income has failed to gain for three years. To bolster the economy, India is wooing private foreign capital, but this effort, too, has run afoul of high taxes. India requires foreign investors to have a local partner; usually, the Indian finds he cannot raise his share of the money.

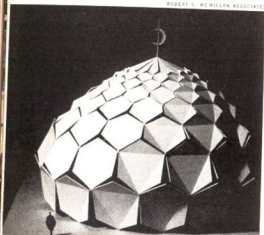
COMMON MARKET

And a Touch of Garlic

A little garlic goes a long, long way—and soon, in the European Common Market, it will be going duty free. In Brussels last week, as the year's first piece of legislation, Common Market ministers drew up a common garlic policy to remove all restrictions on the flow of the pungent *Allium sativum*.

Italy and France grow nearly all of the area's annual 110,000-ton output, but no European kitchen could long survive without garlic. Some Europeans even swear by it as a remedy for rheumatism; Russians eat garlic to fight the common cold, last week rushed in an emergency 500 tons for Moscow's flu epidemic.

To improve and spread this supply, the Common Market set up new and detailed regulations for grading and packing garlic (the bulbs must be free of dirt, manure or nongarlic smell) and decided to eliminate gradually all tariffs and import price controls on it. The plan, which was considered with all the solemnity suited to the occasion, was passed without a sniff of dissent.



DRAWING OF MOSQUE FOR TANZANIA
Neither quaint nor colonial, please.

underdeveloped nations. Last week Rome's top American architects ranged over Africa and Asia Minor, supervising hospital construction in Nigeria and Iraq, launching a highway project in Libya, delivering final drawings for a prison in Baghdad.

From Thailand to Senegal. The largest of the Rome-based American firms, Whiting Associates International, arrived on the scene ten years ago and has since participated in construction projects worth \$750 million in 19 countries from Thailand to Senegal. Another U.S. firm, Robert S. McMillan Associates, has been in Rome only two years but already has won contracts for an 8,000-student university in Iran, a mosque in Tanzania and a series of military-training centers in Nigeria. The newest entry, McCaughy, Marshall, McMillan & Lucas, had specialized in overseas work for the U.S. armed forces for ten years before it established headquarters in Rome in late 1963 and shifted its emphasis to needs of emerging nations. The shift has paid off. McCaughy is working on the plan and initial construction of a new city of 30,000 to replace the Libyan town of Barce, destroyed in a 1963 earthquake.

These firms, which constitute a sort of architectural peace corps, stress



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Born. To Sherri Finkbine, 32, Phoenix housewife who became the central figure in the 1962 thalidomide debate by going to Sweden for an abortion of a baby she feared was damaged by the drug (it was) after Arizona had denied her legal permission; and Robert Finkbine, 33, high school social studies teacher; their fifth child, third daughter; in Phoenix. Sighed the proud Papa: "Both the mother and child are perfect."

Born. To Princess Grace, 35, still *High Society's* leading lady; and Prince Rainier, 41, ruler of Monaco; their third child, second daughter; in Monte Carlo. Name: Princess Stéphanie Marie Elisabeth.

Divorced. Leslie Caron, 33, elfin French film star (*The L-Shaped Room*, *Father Goose*); by Peter Hall, 34, director-producer of London's Royal Shakespeare Company, her second husband (her first: Chicago Meat Heir George "Geordie" Hormel II); on uncontested grounds of adultery with Hollywood Actor Warren Beatty, who was ordered to pay court costs; after nine years of marriage, two children; in London.

Died. Art Kassel, 67, Chicago bandleader whose wailing saxophone and syrupy voice put such songs as *Love Letters in the Sand* on the hit parade and kept his *Castles in the Air* radio program a national favorite throughout the 1930s; of kidney failure; in Van Nuys, Calif.

Died. Kent Cooper, 84, general manager of the Associated Press from 1925 to 1948; of pneumonia; in West Palm Beach, Fla. A bluff, hearty farm boy from Indiana, "K.C." as he liked to be called, was the visionary who built the A.P. into the world's largest news-gathering service; in the 1930s he pioneered the widespread use of the Teletype ticker and the transmission of photos by wire and radio, but made his major contribution by breaking ties with the cartel of European news services that once monopolized overseas stories, instead marshaling his own army of reporters in every corner of the globe.

Died. Tom Mercer Girdler, 87, chairman of Republic Steel Corp. from 1937 to 1956, a tough-talking engineer who took over a faltering company, gradually built it into the industry's third biggest producer (after U.S. Steel, Bethlehem Steel), but is best remembered for his tooth-and-nail opposition to unions, a fight that resulted in the bloody 1937 South Chicago strike (ten killed, hundreds injured) and eventually idled nearly a million workers in seven states for six weeks; of a heart attack; in Easton, Md.

CINEMA

A Stake in History

Trial of Joan of Arc. With the exception of Carl Dreyer's silent classic *The Passion of Joan of Arc* (1928), the numerous films about the martyred Maid of Orleans have contributed very little to art and less to the box office. The subject thus seems a natural for French Director Robert Bresson (*Diary of a Country Priest*, *Pickpocket*), who for more than two decades has been making austere, praiseworthy, but unpopular movies. Bresson's treatment of the *Trial of Joan* is characteristically ascetic; but it is also quintessential history, unique and timeless, graced with a master's touch.

Almost defiantly literal, the film at times looks like a 15th century news



CARREZ IN "JOAN"
"Death to the witch!"

documentary. Every line of dialogue is taken from transcripts of Joan's heresy trial, preserved in French archives since 1431. Joan is played by a forthright nonprofessional (Florence Carrez), shrewdly directed to make her acting appear a simple act of faith. She pits her visions and her voices against ecclesiastical authority in a poignant litany that could hardly be improved as drama.

"Beware of misjudging me," warns the Maid.

"Do your saints hate the English?" asks Bishop Cauchon.

"They love and hate as God does."

"Does God hate the English?"

"He wants them driven out of France."

A day's questioning over, Joan returns to her cell. A dungeon door groans shut. Englishmen's voices cry, "Death to the witch!" Alone, the girl lies motionless, staring: somewhere in the night a barking dog echoes her isolation. Then the interrogation resumes.

Bresson's flow of sound and image is set to an inner rhythm as clear—and at moments as soporific—as a slow-rolling drumbeat. The cumulative effect is massive, finally unforgettable. The death of Joan is a nearly wordless sequence that

provides a definitive lesson in economy of style, for it shows little, says all. The Maid's bare feet are seen padding over cobbles. Someone in the crowd trips her. At the stake there is a split second of hesitation; then she is chained, the faggots are lit, and her meager belongings are fed to the fire. "Holy Jesus!" calls Joan, and extinction comes as two priests lift a great cross into the thickening smoke, then quickly draw back from a wall of heat.

Moments later, birds' wings flutter above the benighted churchmen, who gape at the charred pillar, already uncertain whether they have incinerated a heretic, or a saint.

Straight Stuff

The Crooked Road. "You had me framed on a murder charge, you brought me here as a prisoner, you shot at me, you poisoned me—and then you laughed," says Robert Ryan. The tirade is not meant to be funny, but it neatly sums up this untidy, unintentionally laughable melodrama. Ryan plays a crusading journalist who wants to expose the misappropriation of U.S. funds in a tiny principality ruled by the Duke of Orogana (Stewart Granger). But first, Ryan must overcome such obstacles as 1) the whereabouts of photostats containing evidence to clinch his case and 2) a soft spot for his former mistress (Nadia Gray), now Granger's duchess.

At every turn, *Road* branches into familiar byways. In its world of intrigue, menace is measured by the arched eyebrow and the smiling threat. All arrivals and departures are eyeballed by at least one sinister type, who glances at his watch and swiftly darts into a phone booth. But never mind the photostats. Someone should have rung up James Bond for clues on how to play a goshawful thriller for real laughs.

Off-Key Farce

Why Bother to Knock is a glib, mildly titillating Hollywood-style sex farce. Unfortunately, the film was made by Britons, and the results are about as predictably askew as an American effort to make one of those barmy little British comedies about tweedy bird watchers and eccentric country curates.

Richard Todd plays a man-about-Edinburgh, a passionate travel agent who longs to be Scotch with a twist of Lemmon but more often looks stolid as a Rock. Todd has a prim fiancée and a yen for side trips. When his girl says no, he treks off to the Continent to find more accessible playmates, and for remembrance gives each a key to his flat. In Munich, he meets Nicole Maurey. In Venice, he nuzzles a handsome matron whose teen-age daughter gets the key by mistake. In the Alps, he gets stranded with blonde Elke Sommer, a scenic

spectacular who conducts walking tours among the peaks.

Back in Edinburgh for the music festival, Todd soon finds his apartment burgeoning with Nicole, Elke, two teenagers, an Italian cellist, and some spongy smart talk. As a friend who pops by on occasion, Classiest Judith Anderson clowns with the air of a lady willing but unable to whip out a bare bodkin and turn the arrant nonsense into a bloody good show. Would that she could.

Brothel to Broth

Love à la Carte. As a veteran prostitute who has given up *amore* for *omilette*, Simone Signoret lays down the house rules to her staff. "This is a restaurant, at least for the time being—don't waggle so much," she tells one hip-swiveling waitress. Borrowing its theme from a 1958 Italian law banning legalized brothels, *Love* purports to

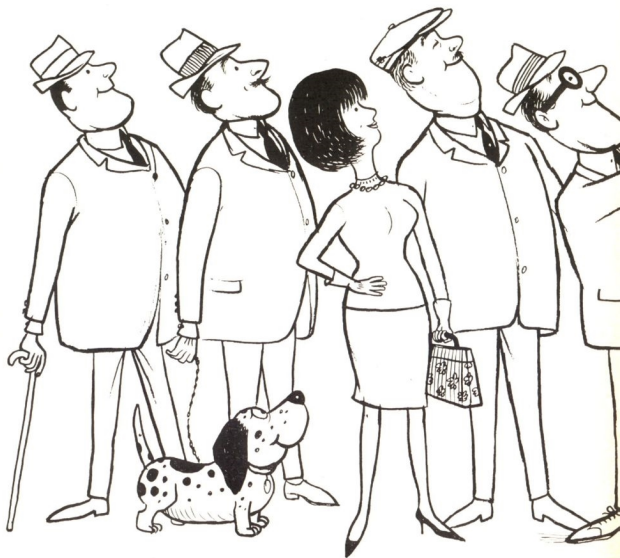


ROVERE, SIGNORET & RIVA IN "LOVE"
"Don't waggle so much."

show what happens when four harlots open a restaurant in the country. Theirs is a modest establishment, designed to keep the girls off the street until they dare to resume plying their old trade upstairs.

Surprisingly, the *trattoria* prospers, bringing unexpected fringe benefits. Signoret finds that she can still feel prudish about free love with a ne'er-do-well used-car salesman (Marcello Mastroianni). A neurotic colleague (Emmanuelle Riva) brings her son home to live for the first time. Another girl (Gina Rovere) meets a local construction man willing to help her build a new life. Then, inescapably, the past looms up to destroy all hope for a better future.

In the film's bitter finale, Signoret hopelessly pounds the pavement on a rainy night in Rome, bragging, jeered at, and aged so noticeably that one motorist splashes right by her to pick up a greener jade. The scene is played to perfection but to no avail. Made in 1960, *Love* is both dubbed (Italian for French) and slubbed. Director Antonio Pietrangeli squanders several major talents on a saccharine social tract in which the line between solving problems and pandering to them remains handily blurred.

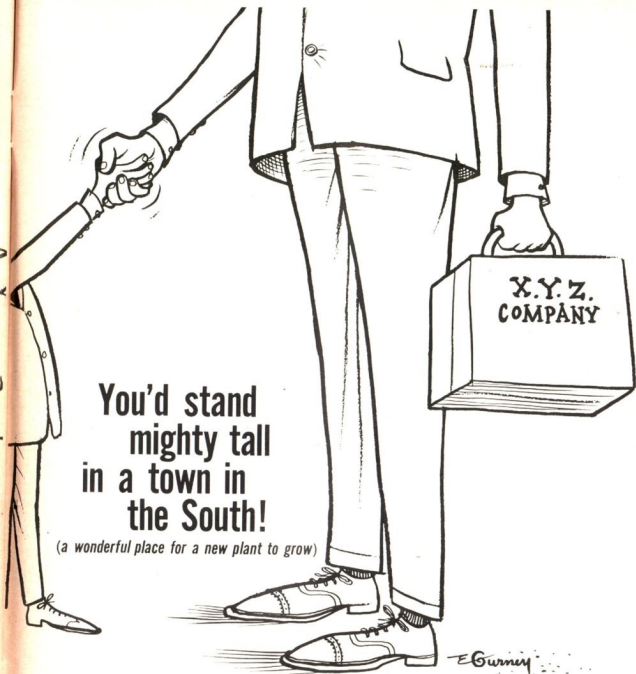


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BOOKS



JAMES PURDY
A strangled giggle.

The Black Humorists

In a generally thin time for fiction, one of the most refreshing recent developments has been a vigorous new growth of satiric talent. It comes from a promising, if often provoking new group of U.S. novelists who were unpublished or all but unnoticed a few years ago. These writers demand attention with a maverick, inventive, acidulously adult outlook that delights in salting the sores and needling the niceties of the megaton-megalopolis age. They deserve notice because their brand of comedy is so clearly not the saccharine hilarity packaged by commercial laff merchants, nor the bad-boy snigger of contemporary bedroom farce. Nor does it necessarily appeal even to sophisticated tastes; it is for those who prefer mountain brooks to mainstreams. But it is strong, dark laughter, echoing—if not equaling—the bitter merriment to which other ages moved Juvenal, Rabelais and Swift.

Black Is the Color. None of these new writers has yet stamped a unique signature on the times. They are rogue talents, unpredictable, disturbing, and powerfully individual. Thus they form



JOSEPH HELLER
A Bronx cheer.

no cohesive school or even a wave. Nonetheless, critics of late have taken to calling them "black humorists," which is probably as good a tag as any. Among them are such comic writers as Bruce Jay Friedman and Joseph Heller, both of whose first novels were bestsellers. They also include such gifted but less widely read novelists as John Barth and James Purdy; they are perhaps best known for names like Terry Southern, Warren Miller and J. P. Donleavy.

In large measure, they share the same targets. Only bad writers literally hold nothing sacred; the best of the black humorists hold some things too sacred to be bleared with hypocrisy or smeared with prurience. So they mock with a cleansing mirth every emotionally supersaturated subject from sex and death to religion, patriotism, family pieties, money, mom, war and the Bomb. They are as well aware as any conventional moralizer that the times are out of joint, but they choose to greet the dislocation with a jeer rather than a jeremiad.

Walk Out in Anger. Their novels reflect an outlook and a mood that today pervade many other areas besides fiction. *Dr. Strangelove*, treating the hydrogen bomb as a colossal banana peel on which the world slips to annihilation, is a black-humor movie, even though it becomes so incredible that it kills its own joke. Satirical cabaret groups, such as Chicago's Second City or Britain's The Establishment, have offered some of the liveliest black humor, though they can hardly meet Drama Critic Kenneth Tynan's criterion that such satire is successful only if at least a third of the audience stalks out in anger. Dick Gregory of course is the black black humorist. Lenny Bruce, the sick, heat comic who is currently appealing his conviction in New York City for obscene monologues, is still admired by some black humorists as a symbol of "total commitment," though in recent years his commitment to satire has seemed to degenerate into a monotonous, self-destructive scatology.

It is the novelists who have proved to be the really fecund and effective black humorists. They are pursuing aims that are very different from the painful psychological insights of John Updike or the detached precision of John O'Hara. But they are not avant-garde experimentalists; however startling their viewpoint, they move their subjects along in supple, readable style. Critic Leslie Fiedler proclaims flatly: "Black humorist" fits anyone worth reading today. It's the only valid contemporary work. You can't fight or cry or shout or pound the table. The only response to the world that's left is laughter."

Though racial prejudice is not one of the easiest table-pounding topics to laugh at, Bruce Jay Friedman made it appallingly funny two years ago in his memorable first novel, *Stern*. The book's



BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN
An appalled laugh.

pathetic hero is a middle-class urban Jew with round shoulders and "pale, spreading hips," who moves his sexy wife and lonely child out to the suburbs. There Stern finds himself pitted against just about everything, from his do-it-yourself bumbling to the anti-Semite neighbor who knocks down his wife and calls his son a "kike." Author Friedman lets fact blend with fantasy to make Stern at once laughable and very sad, both real and wry. Friedman, 34, has a promising talent if it doesn't get trapped by too much sameness of subject. His recent second novel, *A Mother's Kisses* (TIME, Sept. 4), is a caricature of the child-devouring Yiddisher Mama, was funnier than *Stern*, but a good bit safer and narrower.

Military Jujitsu. Professional patriots have always been fair game for satire, but few books have ever given them a lustier Bronx cheer than Joseph Heller's sprawling, farcical *Catch-22*. Yossarian, the Air Corps bombardier who doesn't want to fly any more missions for the mordantly sane reason that he might get killed, is a comic creation that has already become something of a classic.

In typical black-humor fashion, Yossarian's real adversary is nothing less than the whole mad, mucked-up system; the jujitsu with which the bombardier



JOHN BARTH
A bawdy hurrah.



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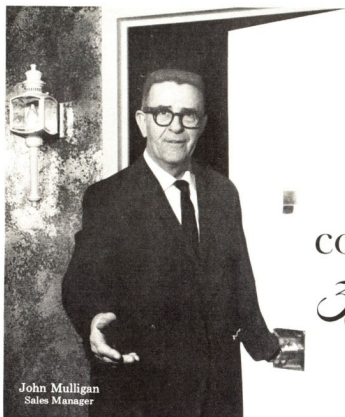
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repeatedly sets the system on its duff is achingly familiar to any veteran. Everybody is out of step but Yossarian—and Heller has the power to make that all too believable, despite the book's unbuttoned artlessness. The danger is that Heller could be a one-book writer who hit it funny and lucky. If his next novel (still two years off) holds the wild power of *Catch-22*, he may well emerge as the most effective and popularly successful of all the black humorists.

Anesthetized Society. Sex, of course, is one target black humorists never lose sight of, even when their main concerns are elsewhere. Sex is the comic solvent that can melt racial barriers, snarl any institution, reduce the most brassbound boss to the ranks of men. Among the black humorists, the most trenchantly individual commentator on American sexual values and relations is James Purdy, 41. In Purdy's work, the black humorists' teeth-clenched grin of rage is muted to a kind of strangled giggle. Purdy is a subtle, idiosyncratic ex-teacher whose vision is apolitical, bizarre, and extremely private; the recurrent themes of his complex fiction are the destruction of innocence, the difficulty of genuine feeling, and above all, the individual's inability to respond to all the demands that society lays on him.

Purdy's *Cahot Wright Begins*, published last fall, is a weird, funny novel about a Wall Street rape artist who bags 366 women before he is caught. The book takes deadly deadpan aim at everything from Wall Street and the medical profession to the vulnerable industry of book publishing and reviewing. But finally, it is an exploration of psychological anesthesia, the inability to feel anything—sexually, sensually, emotionally, artistically or morally. Purdy believes such anesthesia grips the U.S., as it grips Rapist Wright, until at the book's end he is freed by learning, for the first time in his life, to laugh unrestrainedly.

Purdy has an uncanny ear for the American cliché, both the clichés of speech with which people eliminate the need for thinking and feeling and the equally standardized cliché roles in which people take refuge from their motives. He gets his effects by subtle dislocations and dizzying juxtapositions of these clichés, so that his characters talk past each other, and soon every human act seems equally aimless and unlikely. On the surface, Purdy's books seem simple, easy to read. In fact, they are only easy to misread, and when approached carefully they turn out to be the blackest of all.

Alternative World. A totally different kind of novelist is John Barth, 34, associate professor of English at Penn State. Uninterested in social satire, Barth is the most unrepentantly Rabelaisian of the new humorists, irrepressibly bawdy and elaborately inventive. "The trouble with God as the Great Novelist," Barth says, "is that he is such a realist." Not Barth. "There are

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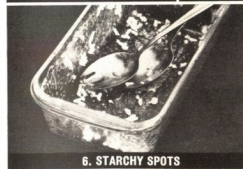
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other ways to do it," he says, and shows how in his handsomely written, widely praised but not widely read third novel, *The Sot-weed Factor*, which tells the remarkably complicated adventures in New World and Old of a young man in the 17th century who wants to be a poet and can't get rid of his sexual innocence.

The Sot-weed Factor is in no real sense a ribald, fully elaborated alternative world. Barth experiments exuberantly with fanciful plots, high-flown coincidences, two-page set speeches, stories within stories, improbable journeys, and a full-blown, freewheeling rhetoric. The book is intellectual and ironic to the core, and immensely funny—if a joke can last for 806 densely set pages.

Singular Ginger. The novelist who is most truly black and funny about sex and death is James Patrick ("Mike") Donleavy, 42, who was born in Brooklyn, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and now divides his time between London and the Isle of Man. Donleavy succeeds better than any of the others in combining the age-old immediacy of picaresque comedy with an excruciatingly contemporary sense of human absurdity. He might best be described as a uniquely modern Aristophanist with an existential horror of death.

In the person of *The Ginger Man*, Sebastian Dangerfield, Donleavy in 1958 created one of the most outrageous scoundrels in contemporary fiction, a whoring, boozing young wastrel who sponges off his friends and beats his wife and girl friends. Author Donleavy then turns the moral universe on its head by making the reader love Dangerfield for his killer instinct, flamboyant charm, wit, flashing generosity—and above all for his wild, fierce, two-handed grab for every precious second of life. "More," "Now" and "Eecce!" are Dangerfield's key words.

Donleavy's second novel, *A Singular Man*, is more ambitious and less successful. Ostensibly the story of George Smith, a beleaguered self-made millionaire, the book is really an almost plotless fantasy set in a New York City that is ruled by death and death's symbols. In it, the author's comic mask slips to reveal the skull that grins beneath.

A Step Beyond. Just behind these movers and shakers are other black humorists, many with similar targets. The life-denying mindlessness often evident in modern psychiatric care got savagely raked in Ken Kesey's brilliant, creepy first novel, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Television got its lumps in *Golk*, Richard G. Stern's novel about a TV show that puts unsuspecting people on camera. The Negro problem was the subject of Warren Miller's recent *The Siege of Harlem*, a sly, timely pseudo history of how Harlem became a separate nation. Some writers, of course, take up black humor for just one novel, like Kesey or Stern, and then go on to other things. But other

novelists who are not themselves black humorists have also felt the liberating influence of the wild ones.

Satire has always been an aggressively complex response to the world. As employed by the black humorists, it is a response to a world grown mechanized and impersonal, where even stupidity, viciousness and anxiety can seem institutionalized. At its most proficient, their writing takes the step beyond complaint to scorn; beyond alienation to the assertion of the individual; beyond the absurd to laughter at absurdity. At its

ALAN CLIFFORD



J. P. DONLEAVY

The skull beneath the mask.

worst, their laughter can be shrill, silly, or self-indulgent. It has yet to blow down Jericho, let alone the Book-of-the-Month Club. For the best of the new breed, writers like Barth and Donleavy, it is the work still in their typewriters that will determine their ultimate standing. Meanwhile they are delighting many a reader who can unsettle down with a good book.

Venice Observed

THE SMILE ON THE FACE OF THE LION
by P. M. Pasinetti. 341 pages. Random
House. \$5.95.

Bernardo is an Italian giant, a cultured Carnera. Men stand in awe of him. Women compulsively fondle his "countryside muscles," nibble "the vast fleshy shell of his ear," imagine how many millions he is worth. Several. Born near Venice, he migrated early to America, and has become one of the leading U.S. art dealers. *Magari!* He is not happy. "Cosmic nausea" overwhelms him: "He looks like someone who is living in the third person." Pursued by "vague shadows of insanity," he returns to Italy seeking "a sense of reality" and "authentic relationships with people."

Poor Bernardo. Neither he nor the reader will find reality in this novel, and there are no authentic people at all. The



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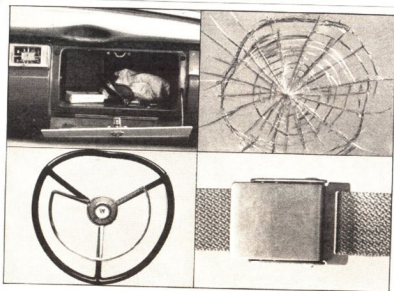
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absences are startling. In *Venetian Red* (1960), an intricate and fascinating chronicle of family life in Venice during the Fascist era. Author Pier-Marino Pasinetti proved himself a formidable fabricator of character and incident, mood and meaning. In this novel, sequel that brings the Venetian families up to date, Pasinetti gets bored with his story and starts setting off technical fireworks. When the smoke clears, Bernardo has experienced a verbal rerun of *La Dolce Vita*, while the reader has gained only a stiff neck and some spots before his eyes.

While it lasts, it's a spectacular show of style. Pasinetti, a Venetian who is currently professor of Italian at U.C.L.A., seems to have derived his literary manner in equal measure from Marcel Proust, Ian Fleming, Bernard Shaw and Michelangelo Antonioni—for whom he has done odd jobs of script-writing. Like Antonioni, he writes pattern instead of plot, and composes episodes that go nowhere slowly. Like Proust, he wanders for pages in indirect discourse—A tells B what C said to D about E—to populate and deflect his social scene, and sinks continually into interior monologue to liberate a character's stream of consciousness.

Like Shaw, Pasinetti hits off his minor personages with one swift stroke of wit: "She addresses people always with the air of a lady asking for road directions from behind the wheel of an extremely classy automobile." Like Fleming, he prefers to imagine that all women are beautiful and that sex is the supreme experience. "Her entire leg was in close contact with his, pressed against him from the hip to the ankle. He moved his hand over her face in a slow, strong caress. 'You know,' she said, 'I don't take tranquilizers any more.'"

With such prose available, there should be no need.

Paperwork Jungle

UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE by Bel Kaufman. 340 pages. Prentice-Hall. \$4.95.

New York City's "Calvin Coolidge High" is an anachronism, up-to-date only in its paperwork. The guidance counselor records students' negative motivations; the nurse, their positive Wassermanns. But the faculty's interest is more clerical than clinical, and even dropouts are a problem more of tabulation than of salvation. After 15 years of teaching in schools like Coolidge, Bel Kaufman, a granddaughter of Yiddish Author Sholom Aleichem, in 1962 published a satirical anthology (*From a Teacher's Wastebasket*) of staff directives, lesson plans, and faculty memos, and she has now extended it to novel length. But her characters—including the inevitable Fat Girl and the Fatuous Principal—are also mostly paperwork. A well-intentioned polemic turns out to be Our Miss Brooks in the Blackboard Jungle.



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